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IS TURKEY FRIENDLY TO ENGLAND?

THIS question is of paramount interest in the present circumstances, and we shall try to answer it as well as the relations of this country with the Ottoman Empire during the last ten or fifteen years enable us to do so. When the late Russo-Turkish war, which inflicted on Turkey the most terrible blow, was ended, the present Sultan is reported to have said: "Another crush like the present and we have finished," evidently alluding to his disappointed expectation of English assistance. Though the presence of eight ironclads in the Marmora prevented the Russian Grand-Duke from advancing beyond Aya Stephanos, and consequently saved the Ottoman Empire from utter destruction, still the Turks felt greatly disappointed, and plainly showed it to the English visitors. The unfortunate idea that the integrity of the Ottoman Empire is absolutely necessary to the European equilibrium, and that England can hardly exist without the maintenance of the *status quo* in Turkey, misled the Sultan and his Mussulman subjects; and when they tasted the bitterness of disillusion, England was denounced in Constantinople as the cause of the misfortunes which had befallen the Ottoman country. If the incensed Effendis had studiously considered the efforts of the British delegates at the Congress of Berlin to save Turkey from dismemberment, and to spare the Sultan the ignominious results of defeat, they certainly would have spoken differently; but the national humiliation, disappointment, and manifold miseries which followed the war deprived the Stambul world of impartial judgment, and England was better hated than even Russia.

Unfortunately the change of Cabinet in London occurred whilst this adverse feeling was uppermost. Mr. Gladstone, the inventor of the not very flattering expression of "unspeakable Turk," and of the "Bag and baggage policy," came into power, and notwithstanding the essential difference between this statesman's speeches and his Ministerial actions, some of the intervening incidents were of a nature which further excited the Turks and widened the gulf between the two Cabinets. The embassy of Mr. Goschen, who treated the Porte and the Sultan in a way to which hitherto they had not been accustomed, the Dulcigno comedy, and the demonstration before Smyrna, did not act as oil-drops on the raging sea, and the Turks lost their wits over the behaviour of their former ally. Later on came the occupation of Egypt, the greatest blow of all, and we need not wonder that even the most sober-thinking Osmanlis had their belief shaken, and that the conviction was forced upon them that Turkey, forsaken and abandoned by the whole European world, must henceforward rely upon her own means and resources, and abandon her former trust in the efficacy of European rivalry in the East.

Owing to these incidents the policy of strict neutrality arose and the principle "Friendship to all and Alliance to none" began to gain ground. When the after-pains of the late war subsided, and Turkey, emerging from her disasters, was again following her usual course, it was found that this policy of isolation and abstinence, impossible as it seemed before, was not at all opposed to the future welfare of the nation. In spite of financial straits and the heavy war indemnity, the exchequer could do without European loans; the civil officers as well as the army were paid, though irregularly; heavy sums were spent upon public instruction, and many new investments were made. But the most gratifying fact was that Turkey began to act as if mistress of her own destinies, and to shape her policy according to her own desire. The general situation in Europe, and the fear of reopening the Eastern Question, having facilitated this policy of utter abstention, it is very natural that the Turks have gradually become accustomed to it; and if we ask to-day any Turkish statesman about his sympathies towards one or other of the great European Powers, he is sure to answer:

"We like them all, but none of them particularly. As to our action in any future war, we shall try to the utmost to keep neutral, and if forcibly dragged into the contest we shall join the Power from whom we have least to fear, and whose interests best accord with ours."

This and similar utterances may be taken as the expression of such public opinion as there is in Turkey. Although there are several daily papers in the Turkish metropolis, which are eagerly read by all classes of society, public opinion in politics, and particularly in foreign policy, is a monopoly of the upper class, which again reflects the supreme will of the ruler; and since the present Sultan is the exclusive leader of the destinies of the Ottoman nation, and his Ministers merely helpless tools in his hands, it follows that public opinion is identical with the absolute will and personal ideas of the Sultan, so that whoever is anxious to know the present sympathies and antipathies of the Turkish nation must first look to the personal character and propensities of Abdul Hamid.

Sultan Abdul Hamid has been brought up in decidedly Anglophile notions. His father, Abdul Medjid, was notoriously friendly to Great Britain, whose representative—the late Stratford Canning—had free access to his palace, and was treated as his sincerest friend, and even addressed as "Eltchi-Baba" (father Ambassador). But Abdul Hamid, an exceedingly shrewd man, though capable of subordinating his personal feelings to the events before him, has never concealed his feelings. In spite of the sad experience he gained from the excessive familiarity shown to two English Ambassadors—one of whom was allowed to publish in a Blue-book his confidential remarks, whilst the other used a leading English periodical for similar purposes—the Sultan always showed a certain preference for the representative of the Queen, and it is a public secret that Sir William White has gained, through his tact and amiability (perhaps, also, through his venerable appearance), the particular esteem and favour of the Sultan. Of course this predilection refers solely to the personality of the English Ambassador and not to the policy of Great Britain, for neither Sadowitz, Blanc, Calice, White, Montebello, nor Nelidoff, by enjoying a particular favour, are masters of the situation. No one of them has any

favoured political position above the others, and if they flatter themselves they have, they are sadly mistaken. The Sultan is very kind and civil to each of them, but he has hitherto successfully avoided, and will avoid in the future, being influenced by any foreign Power, excepting where his interests necessitate a temporary approach.

In refutation of this opinion it has been often said that English enterprise in Turkey is conspicuously discouraged by the local authorities, and during the last ten or fifteen years English capital has rarely been invested in the Ottoman Empire, while other European nationalities have been strikingly favoured by the Palace. Important concessions have certainly been granted to the Germans and French, and the former not only occupy high and lucrative positions in the army and civil service, but have had the construction of great railway lines and other undertakings; while the embankment of the Golden Horn, the works at the Smyrna port, and the railway from the Marmora to the interior of Asia Minor have been made over to the French. It is very natural that this preference should be taken as a sign of anti-English feelings and of a coolness existing between the two Governments, but such is not the real state of affairs. The decrease of English material influence in Turkey is due to the lack of enterprise of English capitalists, who—misled by the constant assertions as to the wickedness and perversity of the Turks, and the unavoidable fall of the Ottoman Empire—have become too timid and betrayed an unjustified fear in all matters connected with Turkey. It would be difficult to quote a single instance where an Englishman has been refused in favour of his German or French competitor from political bias, or because he has not been sufficiently supported by the British Ambassador, as frequently reported in the papers.

Nor can we discover a pronounced anti-English feeling in the recent occurrences on the Bosphorus, although the daily Press has seen in these events unmistakable animosity towards England. The so-called Russian diplomatic victory regarding the passage of the Dardanelles, coinciding with the change of Ministry in Constantinople, has given rise to these utterances and impressed the political world with the belief that Sultan Abdul Hamid has at

last shown his true colours, and has decided to join the *soi-disant* Franco-Russian Alliance against Central Europe, and consequently against England. We shall not enter here into the discussion whether England can be called a positive ally of the Central Powers, seeing that Great Britain has very little to gain and very much to risk in joining the Triple Alliance. But these two incidents can hardly be adduced as an evidence of change of front in the Sultan's policy. What Turkey has accorded to Russia is nothing but a facilitation of a former procedure by the removal of certain official acts which retarded the passage of Russian merchantmen without securing sufficient guarantee against the evasion of the prescribed regulations. Hitherto Russian ships sailing to the Harbour of Vladivostock had to wait before Anatoli Kavak, or further down in the Bosphorus, for several days until the lazy and unreliable Turkish officers came on board to visit the ship and to permit the passage, whilst in future the Turkish harbour authorities will give credit to the Russian declarations and abstain from a detailed search. Of course this may give facilities to Russia to augment the number of soldiers who accompany the convicts to Siberia, and to carry more arms and munitions than are officially declared. Such an action was possible under the former regulations which were not effective enough to prevent a transgression of the legal stipulations, but so insignificant is the danger arising from their alteration (which alteration has been taken as an indication of special favour towards Russia) that we would apply to it the saying: "*Saut de bruit pour une omelette*"; for the change does not by any means deserve to be called (as it has been) the great diplomatic victory of the combined Franco-Russian diplomacy!

A similar exaggeration is the importance given to the change of Ministry, and particularly to the dismissal of the late Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha. In former times Ministerial changes in Turkey were so frequent they did not in the least surprise the European world. Kiamil Pasha, an enlightened and well instructed statesman, who speaks French and English fluently, and who had a decided predilection for the English mode of thinking and acting, however, ought not to be confounded with Kiamil Pasha as the Grand Vizier of Sultan Abdul Hamid, a ruler who keeps State

affairs exclusively in his own hands, and who directs his policy according to his own notions and ideas. He was, before all, a faithful and obedient servant of his Imperial master, and if the latter found it necessary to dismiss him it must be ascribed to purely personal motives and not to new political measures, in which Kiamil Pasha would have acquiesced with the same readiness as any other Pasha had the will of the Sultan demanded it. Doubtful as was the ultimate effect of the assumed English sympathies of the dismissed Grand Vizier, still more doubtful is the profit which Russia and France may hope to derive from the appointment of Djevad Pasha to that high post. Djevad is a soldier, strictly devoted to his sovereign, and ready to carry out his commands, whatever their political bearings and tendencies. In political life he has not attained any notoriety, though his work on the military history of Turkey proves his acquaintance with current literature and his aptitude as a learned soldier. His patriotism is beyond all doubt, but not his supposed Russian partisanship, which people profess to explain by his relations with Shakir Pasha, the pacificator of Crete, and formerly Turkish Ambassador at St. Petersburg. I would go further and question even the Russian feelings of this last-named officer, for the fact of his being a favourite at the Czar's Court does not entitle us to suspect him of any leaning towards the North. In fact, there is hardly any Turk, not even Yussuf Riza Pasha, who can be called a partisan of Russia, in the sense we attribute to this word. *Urus*, or *Moskow*, has been at all times the horror of every Turk, and to every Mohammedan it is the embodiment of the blackest infidelity and of unappeasable enmity to Islam, so that any kindly feeling towards this Power is equivalent with apostacy, and inconceivable in a Turk, Persian, or Arab.

Putting aside the impossibility of reconciling the Turkish people with the policy of Russia, we may well ask whether the Sultan will nevertheless try such a process, and to what purpose? Sultan Abdul Hamid, one of the most cunning and astute princes that ever sat on a throne, *may* possibly venture on such a halfway step, with the cautiousness peculiar to all his doings, but only as a means to coerce into friendship and amity that Power whose assistance he believes indispensable to the future existence of the Ottoman

Empire, and whose occasionally cool attitude causes him so much disquietude. This Power is England—England whose behaviour disappointed him in the beginning of his rule—England which has seriously injured his vital interests and torn the greatest hole in the principle of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire by occupying Egypt, and by assuming an air of not leaving it at all. The pivot of our question, "Is Turkey friendly to England?" must, therefore, be sought in the solution of the Egyptian difficulty, and in an arrangement which will suit both parties.

No sober-minded man will think that England ought to evacuate Egypt to-day, where her administration has done wonders in the way of peace, order, and welfare, in order to hand over that country to the oppression, anarchy, and despotism of the former *régime*. Such an eventuality cannot be considered until the country is sufficiently civilised and fully ripe for the application of the principle, "Egypt for the Egyptians." But we ought not to shut our eyes to the inconvenience and constant friction which arises from the unsettled relations between the legal possessor of Egypt and the actual occupant. It is true the main reason for the failure of the negotiations must be sought in Constantinople, and particularly in the vacillating character of the Sultan, by which all efforts to bring about the much-needed Convention have been frustrated. The memorable day in the Yildiz Palace, when Lord Dufferin was transacting business with the Sultan from eleven a.m. till two o'clock after midnight without being able to come to a decision, and having retired to rest, was awakened by the messenger of the Sultan at five o'clock in the morning with the news of the Sultan's consent—when it was too late—that day will always stand as an evidence of the real cause of the present failure. It was certainly not England, but the dilatory and eternally wavering policy of the Turks which was, and is, the chief impediment to a mutual understanding. The Sultan's claims are fairly just when he says that Egypt, forming an essential part in his title of Khalif, is indispensable to his position as a Commander of the Faithful (Amir ul Muminin); but, on the other hand, his assertion, that if the English had not occupied Egypt the French would never have done so, is open to question, judging from public opinion in France, and the incessant intriguing of the

representative of the Republic in Cairo. There is no use in proffering arguments in contradiction of facts. The English occupation of Egypt was an unavoidable necessity at the time, and both parties would do well to take into account the *status quo*, and bring about an arrangement by which a mutual understanding can be arrived at.

Whatever may be said or written as to the real intentions of the Sultan in regard to the recent changes on the Bosphorus, and with reference to his disposition towards Russia and France, we cannot discover in his action any other motive than the desire to influence England; a hidden hint that he will join that Power which is known as the most formidable rival to British interests in Asia, if he can thus accelerate the ratification of the Egyptian Convention so long in abeyance. Whether he will have the courage to join a Franco-Russian Alliance is a question I would not venture to answer in the affirmative. The idea itself is too hazardous to merit serious consideration, for the times have greatly changed, and what his grandfather Sultan Mahmud II. was able to try by the treaty of Hunkiar Tskellesi can hardly be done with impunity by Sultan Abdul Hamid in the face of the new constellations upon the Balkan Peninsula. We admit that the newly-created Ministry, under Djevad Pasha, may be looked upon as a Ministry of transition, preparatory to the choice of councillors, who might even go still further in the ostentatiously initiated policy, but we doubt the present action ever resulting in a final junction with Russia. If France would act alone, then things might take a different turn, for the idea of a French Alliance is traditional in Turkey, ever since the time of Francis I.; but France united with Russia cannot exercise that influence; and all the guarantees and assurances given by the politicians on the Seine will be powerless to induce the Turk to throw himself into the open mouth of the ever hungry, insatiable Russian bear, whose sharp teeth have left so many and deep marks in the body of the Ottoman State.

In answering, therefore, our question, "Is Turkey friendly to England?" we may fairly say that the Turks, as a people, have strong sympathies towards England, whose might and power they admire, and whose love of justice and toleration have become pro-

verbial throughout the length and breadth of the Ottoman Empire; but that the ruling class, subservient to the will of their master, have no sympathy or liking, except for their own individual interests. Everything is concentrated in the person of the ruler, and judging the present Sultan from his well-known patriotism, sagacity, and statesmanship, it may be expected that he will keep in view the fact that—though England derives profit from her good relations with Turkey—to the Turks themselves the friendship of England is the only safety-anchor in the much troubled waters of European politics.

IMPARTIAL.

EXCURSION (FUTILE ENOUGH) TO PARIS; AUTUMN 1851:

THROWN ON PAPER, WHEN GALLOPING, FROM SATURDAY TO TUESDAY, 4-7, 1851.

By THOMAS CARLYLE.

CHELSEA, October 4th, 1851.—The day before yesterday, near midnight (Thursday, October 2nd), I returned from a *very* short and insignificant excursion to Paris, which, after a month at Malvern Water-cure and then a ten days at Scotsbrig, concludes my travel for this year. Miserable puddle and tumult all my travels are, of no use to me, except to bring agitation, sleeplessness, horrors and distress! Better not to travel at all unless when I am bound to it. But this tour to Paris was a promised one; I had engaged to meet the Ashburtons (Lord and Lady) there on their return from Switzerland and Homburg, before either party left London: the times at last suited; all was ready except will on my part; so, after hesitation and painful indecision enough, I did resolve, packed my baggage again, and did the little tour I stood engaged for. Nothing otherwise could well be more ineffectual, more void of entertainment to me; but, in fine, it is done, and I am safe at home again. Being utterly weary, broken-down, and unfit for any kind of work, I will throw down my recollections of that sorry piece of travel, then fold the sheet or sheets together, and dismiss the business. *Allons donc.* I will date, and be precise, so far as I am able.

Monday, September 21st.—Brother John still here; he and I went to Chorley to consult about passports, routes, conditions, the journey being now, and not till now, resolved upon. John was to

set out for Yorkshire and Annandale on the morrow, and so had special business of his own to attend to. For me Chorley recommended the route by Dieppe and Rouen; got me at the Reform Club a note of the packet and railway times (the former of which proved to be in error somewhat); could say nothing definite of passports. We are consulting Elliott at the Colonial Office. I was instantly taken across to the Foreign Office, close by in Downing Street, and there for 7s. 6d. got a passport, which, in spite of rumours and surmises, proved abundantly sufficient. Did no more that day that I can remember. Next morning early John awoke me, shook hands, and rapidly went, leaving me to my own reflections. How we come and go in this world! A rumour had arisen that my passport would require to be *visaed* (if that is the word); that I must go to the City for this end; that, &c. I called on Chorley to consult; Chorley, his old mother having fallen suddenly ill, could not get away to see me even for a minute: laziness said, however, "Not to the City, don't!" At Chapman's shop, I learned that Robert Browning (poet) and his wife were just about setting out for Paris: I walked to their place, had, during that day and the following, consultations with these fellow pilgrims, and decided to go with them, by Dieppe, on Thursday; Wednesday had been my original day, but I postponed it for the sake of company who knew the way. Such rumours, such surmises; the air was thick with suppositions, guesses, cautions; each public office (Regent's Circus, Consul's House, or elsewhere) proclaimed its own plans, *denying*, much more ignoring, that there was any other plan. For very multitude of guide-posts you could not find your way! The Brownings, and their experience and friendly qualities, were worth waiting for during one day. *Thursday, September 24th*, at 10 a.m., I was to be at London Bridge Railway Station; there in person with portmanteau, and some English sovereigns: *das Weiter würde sich geben.*

Up accordingly on Thursday morning, in unutterable flurry and tumult of humour—phenomena on the Thames, all dreamlike, one spectralism chasing another; to the station in good time; found the Brownings just arriving, which seemed a good omen. Fare to Paris, 22s., wonderful; thither and back "by return ticket" was

but £1 12s. according to this route—such had been the effect on prices of this "Glass Palace," and the crowds attracted towards it. Browning with wife and child and maid, then I, then an empty seat for cloaks and baskets, lastly at the opposite end from me a hard-faced, honest Englishman or Scotchman, all in grey and with a grey cap, who looked rather ostrich-like, but proved very harmless and quiet; this was the loading of our carriage—and so away we went, Browning talking very loud and with vivacity, I silent rather, tending towards many thoughts. To Reigate the country was more or less known to me. Beautiful enough, still green, the grey, cool light resting on it, occasionally broken by bursts of autumn sun. Some half-score miles from Brighton our road diverges to the left; we make for "Newhaven," the mouth of a small sea-canal, divided from Brighton by a pretty range of chalk hills. Chalk everywhere showing itself, grass very fine and green; fringings of wood not in too great quantity; all neat, all trim, a pretty enough bit of English country, all English in character. Newhaven, a *new* place, rising fast as "haven" to the railways; our big solitary inn the main building in it; other dwelling-houses, coal-wharves, &c., chiefly on the opposite side of the channel, a channel of green, clear sea-water, hardly wider than a river; everything in a state of English trimness, and pleasant to look upon in the grey wind while we had nothing to do but smoke. Browning managed everything for me; indeed there was as yet nothing to manage. Our company numerous, but not quite a crowd; mostly French: operations (as to luggage, steamer, &c.) all orderly and quiet. At length, perhaps about half-past one p.m., we got fairly under way.—I should have said, a man with religious *tracts*, French, German, English, came on board; I took from him in all the three kinds (which served me well as waste paper); many refused, some (chiefly of the English) with anger and contempt. On the deck were benches, each with a back and hood covered with well-painted canvas, impenetrable to rain or wind; these proved very useful by-and-by. Stewards' assistants enough; especially one little French boy, in fine blue clothes and cap, who was most industrious among his countrywomen; *bigger* French gawky (very stupid-looking fellow this) tried to be useful too, but couldn't much.

Our friends, especially our French friends, were full of bustle, full of noise at starting; but so soon as we had cleared the little channel of Newhaven, and got into the sea or British Channel, all this abated, sank into the general sordid torpor of sea-sickness, with *its* miserable noises, "Hoahah—hohh!" and hardly any other amid the rattling of the wind and sea. A sorry phasis of humanity. Browning was sick, lay in one of the bench-tents horizontal, his wife, &c., below; I was not absolutely sick, but had to lie quite quiet, and without comfort, save in one cigar, for seven or eight hours of blustering, spraying, and occasional rain. Amused myself with French faces, and the successive prostration of the same—prostration into doleful silence, then evanition into utter darkness under some bench-tent whence was heard only the "Hoahah-hohh!" of vanquished despair. Pretty enough were some of them, not perfectly like *gentlemen* any one of them—indeed, that character of face I found of the utmost rarity in France generally. "Bourgeois," in clean clothes, if civil, rather noisy manner. One handsome man of forty, olive complexion, black big eyes and beard, velvet cap without brim, stood long wrapped in copious blue cloak, and talked near me; at length sank silent and vanished. Other, of brown hair and beard, head wrapt in shawl, rather silent from the first, protruded his under lip in sick disgust, and vanished a little sooner. Third, of big figure, blind and with spectacles, strikingly reminded me of Jeffrey of *Cierthon* ("Robin Jeffrey," long since dead): he sat by the gunwale, spoke little, in preparation for the worst, and staid there. Inside the tent-benches all was "Hoahah-hohh!" and more sordid groaning and vomiting. Blankets were procurable if you made interest. Many once elegant Frenchmen lay wrapt in blankets, huddled into any corner with their heads hid. We had some sharp brief showers: darkness fell; nothing but the clank of the paddles, raving of the sea, and "Hoah-oh-ho-ahh!" Our Scotch ostrich friend stood long afoot, hard as stick; at length he too disappeared in the darkness, and we heard him asking about "*Dipe*" (Dieppe), whether it was not yet near. Hard black elderly man came to smoke on the gunwale seat, near me; Captain forbade, stopped him, long foolish controversy in consequence;—this was in daylight, and the ostrich had

assisted: now it was only "*Dipe?*" in the seventh or eighth hour from starting. At length lighthouses appeared, and soon the lighthouse at the end of Dieppe pier; and we bounded into smooth water, into a broad basin, and saw houses and lamps all round it. Towards 9 p.m. by English time: put your watch *forward* a quarter of an hour, for that is French time which you have to do with now.

Hôtel de l'Europe, near the landing place, proved to be a second-rate hotel; but we got beds, a sitting-room, and towards 10 P.M. some very bad cold tea, and colder coffee. Browning was out in the *Douane:* we had all passed our persons through it, guided in by a rope-barrier, and shown our passports; now Browning was passing our luggage; brought it all in safe about half-past ten; and we could address ourselves to desired repose. Walked through some streets with my cigar: high gaunt stone streets with little light but the uncertain moon's; sunk now in the profoundest sleep—at half-past ten. To bed in my upper room, bemoaned by the sea, and small incidental noises of the harbour; slept till four; smoked from the window, grey cool morning, chalk cliff with caves beyond the harbour—France there and no mistake. If France were of much moment to me! Slept gradually again, a little while; woke dreaming confused things about my mother: ah me! At eight was on the street, in the clear sun, with my portmanteau lying packed behind me; to be back for breakfast at nine. Dieppe harbour is the mouth of a river, broad gap in the general chalk cliffs (bounded to *east* by the chalk of "caves" aforesaid; westward it stretches into a level *down* of some extent beyond Hôtel de l'Europe and the other houses); basin big, I know not how deep, has fine stout quays, drawbridges few, very few ships; range of high quaint old houses border it on two sides, the west (ours) and south, where is a market of fish, &c., and then the main part of the town: eastward is innocent fringed undulating green country (cliff of "caves" goes but a short way inland), northward is the sea. Walked south, with early cigar, into the interior of the town. Good broad street with *trottoirs*, with fair shops, and decent-looking population; very poor several of them, but none ragged, their old clothes all accurately patched—a thrifty people. Ragpickers; a sprinkling of

dandies too; London dandy of ten years ago, with hands in coat pockets, and a small stick rising out from one of them! Bakers, naked from the waist, all but a flannel waistcoat and cotton night-cap; *horse-collar* loaves and of other straighter *cable* shapes, all *crust* and levity. Streets of fair cleanness, water flowing in the gutters. Beards abundant. Rue *d'Ecosse:* thought of old Knox, how he was driven to "Deap" and from it. A *château*, with soldiers, is in the place, the *down* is fortified, and shows big cannon. Several big old churches; many fountains, at one of which I drank by help of a little girl and her caraffe. Besides the chief street (continuation of our Hôtel de l'Europe) there break off at least two others from the southern part of the harbour, and join with chief street in the interior; one of these is Rue d'Ecosse, very poor and dead, which I did not far survey. Near the harbour, between chief street and next, is a square, and general market-place (fruit, herrings, &c.); big old church, new statue of Duquesnoy (? "ancien marin de cette ville," said a snuffy, rusty kind of citoyen to me on my inquiry): a quaint old town of ten or fifteen thousand: fairly as good as Dumfries; immense *roofs*, two or sometimes three *storeys* in them; many houses built as *courts* with a street door; each house in its own style: all very well to look upon, and good for a morning stroll. Breakfast was not much to brag of; tea cold, coffee colder, as before; butter good, bread eatable though of *crusty-sponge* contexture. Browning and I strolled out along the quay we were upon, very windy towards the sea; sheer chalk cliffs some mile or two off, downs and straggly edifices close by. House given by "Napoleon le grand" to somebody there named: we inquired of three persons in vain for explanation of the inscription legible there; at length an old fisherman told us. The M. somebody had saved many persons from the sea: a distinguished member (or perhaps servant) of the Humane Society, which had its offices there within sight. *Très bien.* An immense flaring crucifix stood aloft near the end of this quay: sentries enough, in red trousers, walked everywhere; a country ship, with fresh fish, came bounding in: we strolled back to pay our bill, and get ready for our start to Paris. Browning, as before, did everything; I sat out of doors on some logs at my ease, and smoked, looking over the

Facsimile of a Portion of the Original Manuscript.

Meantime of course! the railway people instead of running to get your luggage and help you stand away against pressure and out of the road, keep you and it in heap after heap, weighing it, haggling over it, hindering you rather than helping, making an infinite hubbub. You cannot get to your carriages till the very last minute, and then you must "plunge in head foremost". They order those matters worse in France. By & by bought for us, and we, Mrs. is the woman the child and I, had only to wait and be silent. We got into a good carriage at last: We four, a rather young French in glazed hat, who was kind enough not to smoke

population and their ways. Before eleven we were in the omnibus; facing towards the *Débarcadère* (rail *Terminus*), which is at the south-east corner of the harbour, a very smart, airy, but most noisy and confused place.

Maximum of fuss! The railway people, instead of running to get your luggage and self stowed away *quàm primum* and out of their road, *keep* you and it in hall after hall, weighing it, haggling over it, marching you hither, then thither; making an infinite hubbub. You cannot get to your carriages till the very last minute, and then you must plunge in head foremost. "They order these matters *worse* in France!" Browning fought for us, and we, that is the women, the child, and I, had only to wait and be silent. We got into a good carriage at last: we four, a calm young Frenchman in glazed hat, who was kind enough not to speak one word, and a rather pretty young lady of French type, who smiled at the child sometimes, but sat thoughtful for the rest and did not speak either. There was air enough, both my window and the other down; the air was fine, the country beautiful; and so away we rolled under good auspices again.

This rail, all but the *Terminus* department, is managed in the English fashion, and carried us excellently along. Country of bright waving green character, undulating, our course often along brooks, by pleasant old country hamlets; many *manufactures* (spinning, I guessed), but of most pleasant, clean, rustic character; wood enough on the hill sides, far too thick-planted; stations not *named*, you can only guess where you are. "Junction" by and by—from Havre probably—an open space without buildings as yet: an altogether beautiful, long, manufacturing village town to the left near by; without smoke or dirt visible, trees enough—might really be a model in Lancashire; the *Glos'tershire* railway scenes offer nothing much superior. Country all made of chalk, as in England (to near Paris, I think); fine velvet grass, *meadow* culture mainly; fine old humble parish churches; wood enough still, but twice or even thrice as thick as we allow it to be. Rouen in two hours: long tunnel, still stronger signs of cotton-bleaching, spinning, &c., then the big black steeples, thick heavy towers of cathedral and the rest —and here is Joan of Arc's last resting place and the scene of many

singular things. Distinguished still by the clearness of its air, the trees and gardens and pleasant meadow-looking places, which extended to the very entrance. No smoke to speak of; a lovely place compared with Manchester or the others of that region! It is true the press of business seemed a great deal more moderate. Our railway station, roofed with glass, was equal to the Carlisle one; "*buffet*" (refreshment room), &c., all in order; and they let us *smoke* under conditions. In twenty minutes some other train got in to join us; and we took our flight again through space.

Country still chalk: we cross and again cross the Seine river, swift but not bigger-*looking* than the Thames at Chelsea: fine hills, fine villages, with due fringing of wood; a really pleasant landscape for many a mile. Pass "Vernon," battle-scene of Convention with Charlotte Corday's people: not notable farther. Another town visible, all in white stone, and rural purity on my right. At Mantes we stop ten minutes; fine houses with their French windows and blinds hung over our station: "Mantes, je crois, Monsieur!" and away we go again. A "swift" method of travelling; swift and nothing more! The land, I observe, is all divided into *ribbons; petite culture* with a vengeance. Beans and *légumes* probably the chief growth. Ploughing shallow and ill-done: certainly the Seine valley, which ought to be one of the richest in the world, was not *well* cultivated, nor by this plan could it be. Copses are pretty frequent; at length we get into vineyards. But still the ribbon subdivision lasts; pleasant to the eye only, not to the mind. Towards four p.m. see symptoms of approach to Paris: blunt height with something like a castle on it—guess to be St. Cloud: big arch of hard masonry to left of that—guess to be *l'Arc de l'Etoile:* right in both cases. At length Paris itself (4 p.m.), and we are safe in the terminus at our set hour.

Alas, it was still a long battle before our luggage could be got out; and a crowding, jingling, vociferous tumult, in which the brave Browning fought for us, leaving me to sit beside the women. It is *so* they manage in France; there are *droits de l'octroi;* there are—in fine, there is maximum of fuss, and much ado about almost nothing! Some other train was in the act of departing, as our poor women sat patiently waiting on their bench; and all was very

fidgeting and very noisy. I walked out to smoke ; one official permitted me, another forbade ; I at length went into the street and sat down upon a *borne* to smoke ; touters of hotels came round me: I am for the Hôtel Meurice, inflexibly fixed ; *de grâce, Messieurs, laissez-moi en paix ;* which at last they did. Cigar ended, I went in again, Browning still fighting (in the invisible distance) about nothing at all. Our luggage visible at last upon a distant counter, then Browning visible with report of a hackney coach : we think it is now over ; rash souls, there is yet endless uproar among the porters, wishing to *carry* our luggage on a truck ; we won't, they will : even Browning had at last grown heated ; at length I do get a cab for myself and little trunk, certain French coins hastily from Browning, and roll away. Halt ! Browning has my *key ;* I have to turn back, and get it : happily this proves the last remover, and now I do get along and reach Meurice's—at five instead of four p.m. : Friday, September 25th, 1851. And here, it being now two o'clock, and the sun inviting, I will draw bridle, and stop for the present day.

(To be continued.)

THE BUDDHIST GOSPEL.

[A short time ago I compiled this sketch of the life and teaching of the Buddha, at the request of a lady who was debarred from herself consulting the sources whence it is chiefly taken, viz., the volumes of the *Sacred Books of the East* which deal with Buddhism, Mr. Rhys Davids' invaluable works, and Bishop Bigandet's *Life or Legend of Gaudama*. It is, of course written not from the critical but from the evangelistic standpoint, and I am permitted to say that my friend, Mr. Rhys Davids, who has been so kind as to peruse it, finds it "accurate and orthodox."—W.S.L.]

SIX hundred years before Christ came, there reigned in the city of Kapilavastu, in the Rajpoot country, over the Aryan people called Sākyas, a king named Suddhodana. For many years his two wives bore him neither son nor daughter. Then, the elder of them, Māya, found herself with child. But it was of no earthly father that the holy thing which should be born of her was begotten. During countless previous existences* a great being had exercised in the highest degree the ten virtues, the five renouncings, and the three mighty works of perfection, and now the time was come for him to attain the sublime dignity of Buddhahood.† The virtues of the glorious princess, Māya, who, during a hundred thousand worlds, had lived in the sublime practice of righteousness, keeping

* Five hundred and ten of these former existences are narrated in the Buddhist scriptures. "They range," says Bishop Bigandet, "through the whole series of the animal kingdom, from the dove to the elephant."—*Life or Legend of Gaudama*, Vol. I., p. 47, note.

† Buddha is not, strictly speaking, a proper name, but a title, meaning the Perfectly Enlightened One. Twenty-five previous Buddhas are supposed to have appeared in this world. The term Sākya-Muni means Sage of the Nation of the Sākyas, and is one of the many epithets given by his followers to the Buddha of the present era. "His family name was certainly Gotama," Mr. Rhys Davids says (*Buddhism*, p. 27), in Burmese, Gaudama. Following the best Oriental authorities, I shall here speak of him as Siddhārtha until he attains Buddhahood, after that as the Buddha.

with a perfect heart all the rules and observances of the law, merited for her the great office of his mother. In a dream she beheld him, under the figure of a white elephant, open her right side and conceal himself in her bosom, and the Brahmins to whom she told the vision interpreted it that she should bear a son who should be a Mighty Ruler, and of whose kingdom there should be no end. When her time drew near, she set out, according to the custom of her race, for her father's house, and while she was journeying thither her days were accomplished, and in the shade of a grove of satin trees she brought forth her son. The Blessed Child left his mother's womb with his feet and hands stretched out, his countenance as that of a Pundit descending from a place where he has expounded the law. And all marvelled when he freed himself from the hands of those who ministered to him. Then, looking East and West, North and South, throughout the universe, present to the eye of his perfect reason like a level plain, he exclaimed, "This is my last birth: there shall be to me no other state of existence: I am the greatest of all beings." On that day the choirs of gods* in the Tāvatinsa heaven were astonished and joyful, and waved their robes in exultation, saying: "In Kapilavastu, to Suddhodana the King, a son is born, who, seated under the Bo-tree, will become a Buddha."

At that time an ascetic, Kāla Devala by name, a counsellor much honoured by Suddhodana the King, had eaten his midday meal, and had gone to the Tāvatinsa heaven to rest during the heat of the day. As he sat there, resting, he saw these gods rejoicing, and asked them, "Why do ye thus rejoice and are glad at heart? Make known to me the cause." They answered, "Sir, to Suddhodana, the King, is born a son, who, seated under the Bo-tree, will become a Buddha, and will found a Kingdom of Righteousness. To us it will be given to see his infinite grace, and to hear his word. Therefore do we rejoice and are glad."

* It may not be superfluous to point out that Buddhism does not possess the conception of the Supreme Creative Personal God, so familiar to us. The place that this conception fills in Monotheism is held in the Buddhist system by the moral order of the universe: a Supremely Just and Perfect Law ruling absolutely throughout the three worlds. Nor does Buddhism recognise specific differences between living beings, any of whom may be a man in one existence, a beast in another, a god in a third, and a fish in a fourth; and so *ad infinitum*.

The ascetic, hearing these words, came down quickly from the Tāvatinsa heaven, and, entering the King's house, sat upon the seat appointed for him, and said, "A son, they say, is born to you, O King! let me see him." The King ordered his son to be clad in beautiful garments and to be brought in to salute Kāla Devala. But the future Buddha turned his feet round and planted them on the matted hair of the ascetic. Then the ascetic did homage to the Buddha, and the King, seeing the wonder, also did homage to his own son.

Now, when the Blessed Child was born into the world, there were born at the same time with him the beautiful woman Yasodharā, who was to be his wife; Ananda also, his cousin, who was to be his beloved disciple and evangelist; the horse, Kanthaka, who was to bear him away from the pomps and vanities of this evil world, when the time appointed had come for the Great Renunciation; and the nobleman Channa, his faithful friend, the companion and confidant of his flight. On the fifth day, the Brahmins most versed in the science of astrology assembled for the ceremony of washing the child's head and giving him a name. Divining his future destiny as the Deliverer of man from the changes and troubles of existence, they called him Siddhārtha, which is, being interpreted, "The Accomplisher of the Aim." Two days afterwards his mother, Māya, died, not from any ill effect of that pure and painless birth, but because her appointed term was accomplished and her hour had come; for the womb in which a future Buddha has dwelt, like a sacred shrine, can never be entered by another.

The sister of Māya, King Suddhodana's second wife, took charge of the Blessed Child; but no man knows the history of his childhood. It had been foretold to his father that he should renounce the world, and these four signs were given: An Old Man, a Sick Man, a Dead Man, and a Monk. The King thought: "From this time forth let no such things come near my son. There is no good of my son's becoming a Buddha. I should like to see him exercising sovereignty and rule"; and gave orders that none of these fatal signs should ever meet his eye. The child grew up amid the pomp of the King's palace, and when he was sixteen years of age he took to wife his cousin Yasodharā.

His father then ordered three palaces to be built for him, one for each season of the year; and innumerable damsels, skilful in playing upon all sorts of instruments, ever attended upon him, and charmed all his moments by uninterrupted dances and music. His kinsmen, seeing him devoted to the pleasures of home life, complained to the King that he neglected the acquisition of attainments proper for his station. When his father made known to him this complaint he said: "Let proclamation be made by beat of drum in all the land that on such a day I will show to my kinsmen, in the presence of the most learned doctors, my full acquaintance with the eighteen kinds of arts and sciences." On the appointed day he displayed the extent of his knowledge, and they were satisfied and their doubts removed.

Now, when the future Buddha was in his twenty-ninth year, the gods, who ministered to him unseen, thought: "The time for young Siddhārtha to attain enlightenment is near. Let us place before him the appointed signs." On a certain day he ascended his chariot to drive to his pleasure garden, when he discerned the figure of an Old Man, with body bent, with teeth decayed, with hair grey, with skin shrivelled, with limbs trembling, and supported by a staff. Then he asked his charioteer, "What manner of man is this, whose very hair is not like that of other men?" And the charioteer answered, "O Prince, he is an old man: everyone who is born is appointed to become like unto him." When he heard this he said, "Birth, then, must be a great evil, if it conducts beings to so wretched a condition." And, with agitated heart, he turned back and went to his palace. Again, one day, as he was driving to his pleasure garden, the same god who had represented to him old age appeared to him as a Sick Man, his body filled with a sore disease. Siddhārtha inquired concerning him of his charioteer, who told him what sickness was, and then he went back to his palace with agitated heart. Once more, as he was driving to his pleasure garden, the god appeared to him as a Dead Man borne aloft on a bier, amid burning torches and the wailing of women. He inquired concerning him of his charioteer, who told him that it was a corpse, and that to this state all must come. Then he went back to his palace with agitated heart. Last of all, as he was

driving to his pleasure garden, the god appeared to him with the humble form and sweet aspect of a Monk. And words were put into the mouth of the charioteer to declare the merits and dignity of the religious profession. Siddhārtha straightway desired to embrace it.

He went apart to a garden by the riverside to meditate. There a messenger came to him, bringing tidings that Yasodharā had brought forth a son. "That child," he said, "is a new and strong tie, which I must now break." He ascended his chariot and returned to the city, where the streets were thronged with a multitude rejoicing over the new-born prince. At that time a noble virgin, Kisā Gotamī by name, had gone to the flat roof of the upper storey of her palace, whence she beheld the beauty and majesty of Siddhārtha as he went through the city. Then her heart was filled with delight, and she lifted up her voice and sang:

"Blessed, indeed, is that mother,
Blessed, indeed, is that father,
Blessed, indeed, is that wife,
Who owns this lord so glorious."

And when he heard this, Siddhārtha thought to himself: "On seeing such a one the heart of his mother is made happy, the heart of his father is made happy, the heart of his wife is made happy! This is all she says. But by what can every heart attain to lasting happiness and peace?" And to his mind, estranged from sin, the answer came: "When the fire of lust is gone out, then peace is gained; when the fires of hatred and delusion are gone out, then peace is gained; when the troubles of mind, arising from pride, credulity, and other sins, have ceased, then peace is gained! Sweet is the lesson this singer makes me hear, for the Nirvāna of Peace is that which I have been trying to find out. This very day I will break away from household cares. I will renounce the world. I will follow after only the Nirvāna itself." Then, taking from his neck a string of pearls, he sent it to Kisā Gotamī as a teacher's fee. Delighted, she thought: "Prince Siddhārtha has fallen in love with me, and has sent me a present."

Siddhārtha entered his palace and reclined upon his couch. Then there came before him his nautch girls, clad in beautiful garments,

and lovely as heavenly virgins, and, ranging themselves in order, they danced and sang. But, his heart being estranged from sin, he took no pleasure in them, and fell asleep. Then the women said to themselves: "He, for whose sake we were performing, is asleep. Why should we play any longer?" And they laid aside their instruments and slept likewise. A little before midnight Siddhārtha awoke, and sat cross-legged on the couch, and he looked on the damsels, with their tinkling ornaments laid aside, as they slept; some foaming at the mouth, some grinding their teeth, some yawning, some muttering in their sleep, some with their garments in disorder. Seeing this woful change in their appearance, he became more and more disgusted with lusts, and the chamber was to him a charnel house full of loathsome corpses. Life, whether in the world subject to passion, or in the world of form, or in the formless world, appeared to him like staying in a house that had become the prey of devouring flames. He said: "It all oppresses me; it is intolerable." His mind turned ardently to the state of those who have forsaken the world; and he resolved on that very day to accomplish "The Great Renunciation."

He went to the door, and found there his chamberlain Channa. "Rise up quickly," he said to him. "I am now ready to leave the world and retire to the desert; go and prepare the swiftest of my horses." Channa went straightway, as his lord commanded him, and saddled the mighty steed, Kanthaka. The horse, knowing the intentions of the Prince, testified his inexpressible joy by loud neighing, but the gods hushed the sound, so that none heard it.

Now, while Channa was making ready for their departure Siddhārtha thought: "I will just look on my son," and he went to the room where his wife lay. The mother was sleeping, having one of her hands placed over the head of her babe. "If I lift her hand to take my son," he said to himself, "she will awake, and that will prevent my going away. I will come back and see him when I have become a Buddha." And when he had left the palace, he went to his horse and said," O Kanthaka, do thou save me this once to-night, so that I, having become a Buddha by thy help, may save the world of men, and the world of gods too." Then he mounted him, and Channa followed. The great gate of the city, which a thou-

sand men could hardly turn, opened to them of its own accord, and they rode away into the darkness. Scarcely had he left the city when Māra, the spirit of evil, met him, and endeavoured to turn him back, promising him all the kingdoms of the world and the glory of them. Siddhārtha answered, "It is not sovereignty that I desire ; I will become a Buddha, and make the ten-thousand-world system shout for joy. Then that Wicked One left him for a season, but ever watched him, striving to throw every obstacle in his path, pursuing him like a shadow that follows the object from which it falls. Siddhārtha rode through the night, until he reached the banks of the river Anomā, and there he took off his rich habit, with his sword cut off the long hair which adorned his comely head, and, putting on the dress of a religious mendicant, bade Channa take back the horse Kanthaka to his father and tell the King the things which he had seen. But Kanthaka, hearing these words, and thinking, "From this time forth I shall never see my master any more," was unable to bear his grief. And, going out of their sight, he died of a broken heart, and was re-born in the Tāvatinsa heaven as a god.

Six years did Siddhārtha abide in the desert of Uruvēla, performing the uttermost penance, until he was wasted to a shadow. There abode with him Kondanya and four other monks. And his fame went abroad, as when the sound of a great bell is heard in the sky. Then he perceived that penance is not the way to Wisdom, and, taking up his mendicant's bowl, he went to the neighbouring village to beg food. When he had eaten it, he received strength, but the five ascetics who had continued with him in the desert were offended, and forsook him. Alone he went to the banks of the Neranjarā, and sat down to meditate under the Bo-tree. There did the Prince of the Power of the Air make an assault upon him, with all his hosts. When the conflict began between the Saviour of the World and the Prince of Evil, a thousand appalling meteors fell: clouds and darkness prevailed. Even the earth, with the oceans and mountains it contains, though it is unconscious, quaked like a conscious being, like a fond bride when forcibly torn from her bridegroom, like the festoons of a vine shaking under the blast of a whirlwind. The ocean rose under the vibration of this earthquake ; rivers

flowed back towards their sources; peaks of lofty mountains rolled crumbling to the earth; and a fierce storm howled all around. The roar of the concussion became terrible. The very sun enveloped itself in awful darkness, and a host of headless spirits filled the air. Siddhārtha sat with heart untroubled, and by the merits gained in his previous existences triumphed over the Enemy of Mankind. Even the famous charger of Māra bent his knees before the Deliverer, and that Wicked One fled away. It was a little before sunset that the Great Being thus put to flight the powers of evil. At that time he was wrapped in the profoundest meditation. Then, whilst the Bo-tree paid him homage, as it were, by its shoots, like sprigs of red coral, falling over his robe, he acquired in the first watch of the night the Knowledge of the Past, in the middle watch the Knowledge of the Present, and in the third watch the Knowledge of the Chain of Causation which leads to the Origin of Evil.

Now, the chain is this: Old Age and Death, grief, lamentation, suffering, dejection, and despair spring from Birth; Birth springs from Existence; Existence springs from Attachment*; Attachment springs from Craving†; Craving springs from Sensation; Sensation springs from Contact; Contact springs from the Six Senses—eye, ear, nose, tongue, the palpable body, and the impalpable mind; the Senses spring from Name-and-Form; Name-and-Form spring from Consciousness; Consciousness springs from the Mental and Moral Predispositions; and these are illusions springing from Ignorance. Not to know suffering, not to know the cause of suffering, not to know the cessation of suffering, not to know the Path which leads to the cessation of suffering—this is Ignorance. Having followed in his mind the succession of the twelve causes and effects, and reached the last link of that chain, Siddhārtha said to himself: "Ignorance is the first cause which gives rise to all the phenomena I have successively reviewed. From it springs the world and all the beings it contains. It is the cause of that universal illusion in which man and all beings are miserably lulled. By what means can this ignorance be done away with? Doubtless by knowledge. The knowledge of the Four Great Truths is the true light that can

* Upādāna: the combining of affections calculated to bring into existence.

† Pali Taṇhā, *thirst*, not *desire*, as it has sometimes been rendered.

dispel ignorance and procure the real science, whereby the coming out from the whirlpool of existences, or from the state of illusion, can be perfectly effected. Now these four truths are : I. The miseries inherent in existence as an individual ; II. The cause productive of misery, which is the desire, ever renewed, never accomplished, of pleasure, of life as an individual (of becoming), of prosperity ; III. The destruction of that desire, or the estranging oneself from it, is the principal thing, deserving the most serious attention ; IV. The means of obtaining the individual annihilation of that desire is supplied solely by the Eight Paths of Holiness : Right views ; Right feelings ; Right words ; Right behaviour ; Right mode of livelihood ; Right exertion ; Right memory; Right meditation and tranquillity. This is the Noble Eightfold Path, which opens the eyes, which bestows understanding, which leads to peace of mind, to the higher wisdom, to Nirvāna." It was then that the heart of Siddhārtha acquired an unshakable firmness, a perfect purity or exemption from all passions, an unalterable meekness, and a strong feeling of tender compassion towards all beings. Urged by the compassionate dispositions of his soul, Siddhārtha said to himself: "All is misery and affliction in this world ; all beings are miserably detained in the vortex of existences ; they float over the whirlpool of cravings and concupiscence ; they are carried to and fro by the deceitful longings after a never-obtained satisfaction. They must be taught to put an end to lust by freeing themselves from its influence. Their minds must be imbued with the knowledge of the Four Great Truths. The Noble Eightfold Path that I have discovered inevitably leads men and gods to that most desirable end. This Path ought to be pointed out to them, that by following it men and gods may obtain their deliverance."

Whilst these thoughts thronged through his mind, a little before break of day, did he attain to the full insight of that wisdom that is unsurpassed among gods or men. The emancipation of his heart was established. He became the Buddha.

Seven times seven days did the Buddha then spend, enjoying the bliss of emancipation ; in the solitude of him who is full of gladness, who sees the Truth, who is free from malice, who is self-restrained

towards all beings that have life, who is delivered from lust in this world, who has got beyond cravings, who has put away that pride which comes from the thought "I am." Then the Blessed One said to himself, "With great pains have I acquired this doctrine: why should I now preach it? This doctrine will not be easy to understand to beings that are lost in lust and hatred." When the Blessed One pondered these things, his mind became inclined to remain in quiet and not to preach the doctrine. Then Brahma Sahampati, the chief of the gods, understanding, from the power of his mind, the reflection which had occurred in the mind of the Blessed One, appeared before him, and, putting his right knee on the ground, raised his joined hands towards the Blessed One, and said: "Lord, may the Blessed One preach the doctrine; may the Perfect One preach the doctrine; there are beings whose mental eyes are darkened by scarcely any lust; but if they do not hear the doctrine they cannot attain salvation. These will understand the doctrine." And the Blessed One granted the request of Brahma Sahampati.

Then the Blessed One thought, "To whom shall I preach the doctrine first? What if I were to preach the doctrine first to the five monks who continued with me in the desert?" And the Blessed One, seeing, by the power of his divine clear vision, that these five monks were living at Benares, in the Deer Park, went forth to Benares. There did he preach to them his law, and they gave ear, and fixed their mind on the knowledge that he imparted to them, and believed in him. Thus did the Blessed One set up his Kingdom of Righteousness.

And this is the doctrine of the Buddha. A man is what he does. His works are his true self. Of these is made his Karma. All else drops from him at death. His Karma remains. According to it is he re-born, in heaven, on earth, or in hell. What we are, is the fruit of the deeds done in our former births. What we shall be, will be the fruit of those deeds and of the deeds which we now do. Two things are immutably fixed: that good actions bring happiness, and that bad actions bring misery. We pass away according to our works. The cause of sin and sorrow is craving thirst: the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life. To

root out these foolish cravings is the only way of escaping from the evil which is of the essence of existence: of deliverance from the yawning gulf of perpetual birth and death. For everywhere death reigns. There is no rest in either of the three worlds. The gods, indeed, enjoy a period of bliss. But their happiness must also end, for it is appointed unto them to die. To consider this as the end of being, that there is nothing born but must die, and therefore to aim at escaping birth and death—this is to exercise oneself in religious truth. Scrupulously to avoid all wicked actions, reverently to perform all virtuous ones, ever to purify our intentions from selfish ends—this is the doctrine of all the Buddhas. Thus does a man conquer himself, and when he has conquered himself, and craving is extinct, he hath ceased from sin, there is no further ground for re-birth. This is the peace that they have who love the law of the Buddha: and them even the gods envy.

Forty and five years did the Buddha go up and down the country round about the Ganges, preaching the Noble Eightfold Path, whereby we are delivered from the tyranny of cravings and obtain Nirvāna; receiving all that came to him, but seeking specially the poor, the distressed, the sinful. Then, perceiving that the hour of his departure had come, he spoke these words to Ananda: "O Ananda, do not let yourself be troubled. Do not weep. Have I not told you that we must part from all we hold most dear and pleasant? No being soever, born or put together, can overcome the dissolution inherent in it; no such condition can exist. For a long time, Ananda, you have been very near to me by kindness, in act and word, and thoughtfulness. You have always done well. Persevere, and you too shall be quite free from this thirst of life, this chain of ignorance." Then the Blessed One turned to the other disciples, and said: "Behold, now, brethren, I exhort you, saying, Decay is inherent in all component things! Work out your salvation with diligence." This was the last word of the Buddha.

W. S. LILLY.

FRENCH COUNTY COUNCILS A CENTURY AGO.

DURING the middle ages France possessed a considerable share of local government. Each province had its own Assembly of nobles, clergy, and commons, entitled to vote and distribute taxation, and to direct the provincial administration, presided over by a Governor, who was usually some great local landowner, appointed for life. But under the policy of centralisation, begun by Richelieu, and completed by Louis XIV., most of these provincial assemblies disappeared, together with the franchises on which they rested. A few provinces only, Brittany, Burgundy, Languedoc, Flanders, Artois, and a portion of Provence, retained some of their privileges and were called *Pays d'États*, the rest being styled, by a frank abuse of words, *Pays d'Election*. Sweeping as were these changes, they came at a period when, as is sometimes the case in France, the nation thought any form of servitude preferable to anarchy, and were not much complained of until the latter years of Louis XIV.'s reign, when Boisguillebert, Chevreuse, Vauban, and Saint-Simon protested with more or less energy against the continued suppression of ancient liberties, and especially against the increasing despotism of the Intendants, who, invested with almost Royal powers, had replaced the Governors, while Fénélon, in the plan of reform he drew up for his pupil—the Duke of Burgundy—included the revival of the *États de Province* on the model of those of Languedoc. But the Duke's premature death adjourned indefinitely all hopes of the speedy renewal of France; no reminder of his father's generous and enlightened plans for the happiness of the French people could pierce the selfish, calculated indolence of

Louis XV. It was not until 1774 that they were revived, under Turgot's beneficent Ministry. In a memorial, couched in noble, if somewhat absolute language, Louis XVI. was told that the misfortunes of France arose from there being no political life to link the various orders together by common interests, "and therefore, Sire, you legislate at haphazard, whereas if the integral portions of your empire had a regular organisation and defined limits you might legislate, as God does, by general laws." For it was on a revival of the ancient franchise, now to be extended equally to town as well as country, that Turgot's plan was based. Each parish was to have an elected assembly, whose task it would be to control and allocate taxation, to execute works of public utility, to relieve the poor, and to nominate delegates to the cantonal assemblies; these again, to the provincial assemblies, on which finally devolved the elections to the States General. Turgot's measure differed from Fénélon's, in that the franchise was to be based on landed property; 600 livres of revenue giving one vote, 300 half a vote, 1,200 two votes, and so on. As the memorial plainly sets forth, it is not as members of orders but as citizens holding landed property that the nobility and clergy are to share in municipal life. But to ignore an organisation based on the prescription of seven centuries, still existing in the provinces which had preserved their ancient franchise, was not an easy matter, as the distinguished writer of the memorial admits with a tinge of asperity: "Some provinces still retain a kind of constitution, but as they are composed of orders of varying pretensions and conflicting interests, these semi-local governments are almost an evil, specially as where they exist the necessity for reform is less felt." However, as it was a cardinal maxim with Turgot to respect vested rights and never to suppress even the worst abuses without offering compensation to those who might be injured by their abolition, the difficulty would doubtless have been tided over. But a combination of adverse circumstances, in which the ingratitude of those he was endeavouring to serve had almost as much share as the malice of his enemies, drove Turgot from office, and it was not till two years later that Necker, a warm admirer of Turgot's plan, succeeded in partially realising it.

In the memorial drawn up by him for Royal perusal, Necker dwelt strongly on the evils attending the rule of the Intendants, who, more eager for their own interests than those of their province, "spend much of their time in Paris on the look-out for promotion, and are so far successful that as soon as they have begun to acquire any real knowledge of one province they are removed to another." Still he proposed to retain them as representatives of Royal authority, but with curtailed powers. As to the composition of the Assemblies, the ancient division of orders was retained, but, following the precedent of Languedoc, the votes were by heads, and the commons equalled in number the two other orders combined. And as, according to M. de Lavergne (no two authorities exactly agree on this point) the territory of France was then divided into five pretty equal portions, of which one share was held by the nobility, one by the clergy, one by the *Tiers État*, one by the peasants, and the residue shared between the Crown and the Corporations, Turgot's basis of proprietorship was arrived at, though by a different road.

Louis XVI. approved Necker's project, and it was decided to try the experiment in Berri, reputed to be the poorest and worst administered province in the kingdom. The Provincial Assembly was to be composed of twelve members of the clergy, twelve of the nobility, and twenty-four commons, of whom half were to represent the towns and half the country districts. The King was to nominate in the first instance sixteen members; these were in their turn to name the remaining thirty-two; afterwards the nominations were to be by election. The Assembly was to meet every two years for a session of one month, the measures it had decided on being meanwhile carried out by a permanent committee, consisting of a president, eight members, and secretaries. This intermediate committee, which was violently opposed at the time by the Intendants, and has been severely criticised on all sides, disappeared at the Revolution. But in Belgium one almost similar, under the name of *Deputation Provinciale*, is said to work better than the present *Conseil de Préfecture* does in France.

The area of Berri was somewhat greater than that now covered by the Departments of the Indre and of the Cher. In the fifteenth

century, when Paris was held by the English, Bourges had been the residence of the Kings of France. But in 1487 half the city was destroyed by fire, and the province gradually declined in wealth; in 1700 the population was only 400,000, and though in 1770 it had risen to nearly 500,000, Berri was spoken of as the Siberia of France. The Assembly opened at Bourges on November 10th, 1778, under the presidency of the Archbishop, Mgr. Phélypeaux, who was distinguished by his princely munificence and indefatigable charity, and took his position as president very seriously, working hard at his post. The Assembly at once divided into four committees or bureaux, in order to discuss separately the questions of its own future organisation, of taxation, of commerce and of agriculture, and public works. The first report, drawn up by the Abbé de Seguiran, recommended the division of the province into twenty-four electorates, about equal to two of the present "arrondissements," each of which would elect one member of the *Tiers État*. The clerical deputies were to be nominated by the entire Assembly; the nobility to serve by rotation—those only who had 4,000 livres of revenue and could show a hundred years of patrician descent being eligible. Then came the report of the bureau of taxes, prepared by the Abbé de Véri, who, with Turgot, the Abbé de Brienne, and Boisgelin, had formed the little group of friends and fellow students at the Sorbonne Morellet's *Memoirs* portray so vividly. His report was couched in vigorous language, the *taille* was strongly denounced, and the plan suggested by him for readjusting the whole taxation formed the basis of that afterwards carried out by the Constituent Assembly.

But this grievance was too extensive to be remedied by a provincial body. More practical result was shown in the substitution of a road-tax for the *corvée* or forced labour by which an economy of two-thirds was effected, care being taken to adjust the burden so that it should fall very lightly on poor and remote parishes. It has been remarked that the ten years of the duration of Necker's Assemblies are the only period in which public works were carried out in France on the English principle of having regard to local rather than to political interests, and the stimulus given to individual effort was notable. As, for instance, in the case of the Duc de

Bethune-Charost, whose incessant activity in benevolent undertakings had drawn from Louis XV. the remark, "He does not seem to represent much, yet he vivifies three of my provinces." The Duke now proposed, with the aid of a modest subvention from the Crown, and the cession of the shipping dues to the province, to carry out a plan which would have made all the rivers of Berri navigable and linked them to the Loire. The expenses of the American war deferred the execution of the project, of which the maps and plans still exist. To a portion of it, carried out by the Government of the Restoration, the Department du Cher is said by M. de Lavergne to owe its position as one of the richest of France, while the Indre, included also in the Duke's design, has still not a mile of navigable water. The report of the state of agriculture, drawn up by the Abbé de Vélard, was also a full one, and gives a lamentable account of the evil occasioned by the limitless unfenced pasturages and by the system of *communautés taisibles*—farms held jointly by all the members of a family, a local custom to which the writer of the report attributed the premature marriages and consequent deterioration of the human race in Berri.

La Haute Guienne, out of which the Departments of Aveyron and Lot have been formed, included the ancient provinces of Rouergue and Quercy; the former of these had retained its *Assemblée d'États* as late as 1651. A record remains of the last meeting, which shows that it was composed of thirty representatives of the clergy, among whom were included, it is interesting to note, the abbesses of two communities of women, sixty nobles, while "consuls, jurats, and syndics" of sixty burghs made up the total of two hundred members. Of the *États* of Quercy there seems to be little record existing save the casual remark of a provincial chronicler: "In 1635, Richelieu sent an Intendant to Montauban, after which all hope of seeing the *États* re-established was lost."

An order in Council, dated September 14th, 1779, instituted the new Assembly on the same lines as that of Berri, save that the clergy were in the proportion of a fifth instead of a fourth of the members. After some discussion Villefranche was chosen as the place of meeting. The first report presented for discussion was on

the question of internal free-trade in wine. Since the accession of Louis XVI. the foreign commerce of France had doubled, and Bordeaux, in the beginning of the century a place of little note, was described in 1787 by Arthur Young as far surpassing Liverpool in wealth and importance, and its rich burghers had taken advantage of their prosperity to trample on their poorer neighbours.

In the work of opening up internal communication, Guienne was as energetic as Berri; a loan of 1,500,000 livres voted for the purpose was subscribed in the province within eight days. In order to equalise the burden of taxation and develop the resources of the country it was determined to undertake a new schedule of valuation. The task was entrusted to M. de Richeprey, who had lately gained a high reputation by similar work in Corsica. He seems to have done it thoroughly; taking with him some practical engineers, he went through every commune in the province; calling together the principal inhabitants, he made exhaustive inquiries as to the rents, taxes, and needs of each. The report he drew up is said to be the most complete and trustworthy account that exists of the state of the country parts of France at that period, and is of great historic interest. Nor does the process of surveying and valuing seem to have roused any opposition among the peasantry, such as Turgot met with a few years earlier in Limousin. Another report furnished to the Assembly drew attention to the vast quantity of common lands, described as a cause of endless litigation, quarrelling, and poverty. It was decided to divide them among the inhabitants: one-half in equal portions, the other half in proportion to the amount of taxes paid by each individual, so as to favour equally large, small, and middle-sized farms. Among the possessions held in common were minerals, with the result that they were practically unworked, the people of the neighbourhood merely taking in a desultory way what lay near the surface for their own use. It was the same throughout France, and the Government had at different times tried to have the mines worked by private individuals, to whom concessions were granted, but from the riots and loss of life which ensued they were soon abandoned. The Assembly asked to be allowed to work the mines of Guienne as a company for the benefit of the province, but no

practical result followed. It is said to be due to the circumstance that most of her mines are national property that France owes her immunity from those hideous tracts of scoriated refuse which mar the beauty of so much English landscape; the "open sesame" of private enterprise has only gathered here and there a handful of those mineral treasures which remain still as an inheritance for posterity.

The action of the Guienne Assembly was at one time a good deal interfered with by the law courts of Montauban, backed up by the Intendant of the province. But they had an active and energetic adversary in the Bishop of Rodez, Mgr. Champion de Cicé, a personal friend of Necker, who had appointed him President of the Assembly. It was to his brother, the Bishop of Auxerre, that Turgot, at the age of twenty-two, addressed the "Letter on Paper-money," in which the great economist first revealed himself, and the Bishop of Rodez, by his indefatigable energy, showed himself likewise a disciple of Turgot. During the interval between the session in which he presided, he was in constant communication with the authorities in Paris; his letters, preserved in the provincial archives, embrace every conceivable subject—roads, tolls, river navigation, postal arrangements, questions of taxation, *jauge des vins*, down to the English method of currying leather, for which he wished to establish a manufactory at Montlosier. In 1781, Mgr. de Cicé was promoted to the Archbishopric of Bordeaux; but his successor in the see of Rodez and in the Presidency of the Assembly, Mgr. Colbert, if he had less initiative than Mgr. de Cicé, was worthy as an administrator of the name he bore—and though more conciliatory in temperament, he could be courageous and firm when the occasion required.

The session of 1782 opened inauspiciously; the Comte de Parat, syndic of the permanent committee, died of overwork. "His strength," ran the report to the Assembly, "was unequal to the efforts he made to hasten the application of the remedies you prescribed for so many abuses, after having sacrificed to the weal of the province his leisure, his health, the society of his family and friends, the pleasure of dwelling in a home endeared to him by the benefits he was able to confer on those among whom he lived; he died worn

out by his ceaseless labours." The report went on to give an equally warm tribute of gratitude to the lately dismissed Minister, M. Necker, with courage the more commendable because it was rumoured that the Provincial Assemblies he had instituted would fall with him; but they had taken root too firmly to be easily overthrown. However, the inimical Intendant endeavoured to profit by the changed situation so far as to put an end to the publication of the reports of the Assembly on the pretext that they had caused public alarm by exaggerating the danger of a famine—the year having been one of almost total failure of the crops.

Fortunately for the peace of Guienne the Intendant soon after disappeared from the scene. His successor frankly recognised the authority of the provincial deputies, and such harmony ensued that in 1784 the Assembly expressed the wish to stand godfather to Madame de Trumont's eldest child, and from this time forward the work of reform was carried on with very little friction. The administration of the prisons (which under Louis XV. had been transferred from the Crown to the municipalities) requiring reform, was taken by the Assembly into its own hands, as also that of the Government stud-farms. They likewise undertook to manage the *Ateliers de Charité*, an ancient Royal bounty instituted to give work to the unemployed, lately revived by Turgot; and of a grant for supplying medicines to the sick poor, which Louis XIV., at the instigation of Madame de Miramion—a lady whose name often occurs in French religious annals of the seventeenth century—had allotted to each province. These and other charitable foundations were amalgamated and organised, and *Bureaux de Bienfaisance*, which still do so much excellent work in France, established in every commune of Guienne. In the larger burghs a staff of trained midwives was provided for the poor women of the surrounding district. And M. de Lavergne concludes a long and detailed account of the work done in Haute Guienne between 1779 and 1787, with the words: "There is not the least doubt that had the Provincial Assembly continued to exist, Rouergue and Quercy would now have double their present number of works of public utility."

Another Provincial Assembly was to have been convened at

Moulins for the Bourbonnais in 1780, when, owing chiefly to the opposition of the Parliament of Paris, Necker's Ministry came suddenly to an end, and any further execution of his plan was arrested till 1787, when Calonne rather unexpectedly recommended to the Assembly of Notables the establishment of *États* in every province where they did not exist already. The Notables approved the project, and his successor, Lomenie de Brienne, issued successive orders in Council, summoning Assemblies in twenty-two provinces. They were convened without delay, but had barely time to give promise of usefulness when the breaking out of a fierce quarrel between the Assembly of Notables and the Parliament of Paris entirely changed the situation. It was seen that the reconciliation of the two opposing forces was impossible, and a cry for the convocation of the States General rose up on all sides. The Royal edicts summoning them only increased the excitement, and France in the months that ensued went through a period of tumult and agitation, during which reform or legislation of any sort was impossible.

The States General assembled in May, 1789; a few months later they became the Constituent Assembly, and in the ensuing year was established a new system of local government, in which the administration of justice was included, on a purely electoral basis. The provincial divisions, unchanged since the decay of Imperial Rome, were replaced by eighty-four departments, divided into districts, these into cantons comprising five or six parishes. Each department had a council of administration of thirty-five members and an executive of five; the districts had their councils and executive bodies composed in the same way. The purpose of the canton was simply electoral, the citizens meeting to nominate judges and magistrates as well as deputies, while the towns and larger villages were to be governed by a general council of municipal officers nominated by the people; and the democratic principle of giving to as many citizens as possible a share in the administration was so fully carried out that places were provided for one in thirty-four of the male population, with salaries much higher than those of the functionaries of the old *régime*.

Had the beneficent intentions of the Legislature been fulfilled,

and had the large bodies of electors applied themselves to their new duties with intelligent energy, the result might have been very happy ; but after one brief spurt of excitement over the nominations to the more lucrative offices, the multitude accepted the change with paralysing indifference. At Chartres, out of 1,550 electors, scarcely a hundred recorded their votes ; at Besançon, one-third exercised their right at the first municipal elections ; one-tenth at the second, At Grenoble the abstentions were 2,000 out of 2,500 ; at Limoges 2,350 out of 2,500. Even in Paris, where political strife seemed so keen, only 20,000 votes were recorded out of 81,000, and in the rural districts the interest shown was much less. Taking the country as a whole it was computed that the voters ranged from one in four to one in sixteen of the electors. But it is only fair to say the abstentions did not come altogether from indifference. An association already existed in which the French genius for symmetric and compact organisation was brilliantly exemplified, and which was intended to render any other exercise of political activity superfluous.

In the early days of the States General, the deputies of Brittany, who, in the civil contests which had lately disturbed that province, had learnt the advantages a minority may derive from concerted action combined with an opportune pressure of mob violence at important crises, organised a society which had its centre in the disused convent of the Jacobins, while its branches spread in arithmetical progression over the whole of France. Few in number, with leaders of little repute or character, their rank and file taken from the dregs of society, the simple fact that in a period of social disruption the Jacobins were the one coherent, centralised organisation made their strength increase like a rolling snowball ; and the new system of local government gave into their hands all they needed to make their power at once irresistible and permanent. The capitals of the new departments were headquarters for their central committees, and a network of affiliated clubs spread quickly over the outlying districts. In each of these clubs there were a few initiated persons who had placed themselves at the absolute disposal of the chiefs in Paris, thus forming an inner circle which secured a system of perfect subordination. In 1790 they contested every municipal election ; when defeated, they formed an

opposition which made any exercise of authority impossible save to their nominees. As, for instance, at Mortagne, the elections of 1790 had been conducted peacefully, and men of property, capacity, and good reputation nominated. But a club, controlled by an ex-cook named Rattier, gathered together the village ruffians; they, calling in those of the surrounding district on the eve of the next election, organised a riot, drove out the respectable inhabitants, and nominated themselves to all the vacant offices.* All through the country, often with far more savagery and violence, similar scenes occurred, and by 1791 the Jacobins were masters all along the line.

In the Assembly, a majority of some 700, sincerely anxious for order and legality, were displeased and astonished. "Le changement qui s'est fait dans la manière de penser des democrates," writes M. de Staël, September, 1791; "'est prodigieux, ils paraissent maintenant convaincus de l'impossibilite de faire aller la constitution. Barnave a dit qu'il fallait que toute la force fut dans le Gouvernement." Strength did come to the Government, though not in the way the Girondists intended. Before another year had passed, the Jacobins, though in a minority inside the Chamber, had become strong enough to overturn the Throne, and, supreme in the Municipality of Paris, make the September massacres more hideous by the stamp of legality. In the Convention Nationale they were triumphant; one by one their opponents were struck down, and France was ruled with a rod of iron from the Moselle to the Pyrenees.

But the minute, far-reaching system of local government which had been the Jacobins' ladder to power became the occasion of their fall; at least, if we are to believe their most thorough-going defender, M. E. Hamel, who tells us that the system on which their government rested was only intended to be used against the aristocrats, and that the deplorable results to which it led are entirely to be ascribed to the subordinate officials, who employed it for their private ends and animosities, instead of the public good. As these

* A vivid and intelligent appreciation of the dangers of local government under a weak executive was shown in some of the resolutions and speeches of the Protestant Home Rule Association meeting in Dublin last October.

were taken from the poorer classes, the Terror descended into the lowest stratum of society, and furnished thousands of victims more to the scaffold than would have been the case had it been confined to the privileged classes, against whom it was originally directed. And this theory is borne out by statistics. Mr. Morley says that in Paris, where alone the upper classes were proportionately numerous, the victims of the guillotine probably did not exceed 1,760; while M. Taine estimates the number of those who perished during the Revolution by civil violence at nearly half a million. Even the frightful massacres in the prisons and in the great provincial towns do not bridge the gap; it is the steady tale of victims sent up in batches from every village and commune, or struck down in sight of their own firesides, which fills up the terrible *cadastre*. This is specially the case in the southern and western provinces, where the characteristics of race add a deep-rooted vindictiveness to the "pigmy spites of the village spire," that swiftly reach a degree of ferocious malignity compared with which the bitterest national and class hatreds hardly count.

With Robespierre's fall, the reign of the Jacobins came to an end. The Moderate Republicans, who then returned to power, were really anxious to develop free political action in the provinces; but the country had lapsed into such anarchy that, to carry on the business of life at all, it was necessary to abolish half the electoral bodies and strengthen the authority of the *Prefets*, which has since been steadily increasing. During the thirty-two years of monarchy which followed Napoleon's fall, the departmental councils to some degree held their own; but ever since the *Prefets* in 1852 "sent the Empire up to Paris in the ballot-boxes" they have become more and more the outward and visible expression of all departmental government in France. Authoritative, ubiquitous, always eager to keep in touch with Paris, they are the modern equivalent of the Intendant of the eighteenth century, while her ancient provinces, obliterated from the map of France, yet live in the memories, the literature, the daily parlance of Frenchmen.

MARGARET DOMVILE.

SOME LESSONS OF THE CENSUS.

A DAY to which statisticians have looked forward with eager interest has come and gone; the tenth decennial enumeration of the people of this country was carried out on the 5th of April last, and although a considerable interval must elapse before we can have complete information as to the important matters of habitations, ages, sexes, conditions as to marriage, occupations, birthplaces, and infirmities (not to mention speakers of Cymric), enough has already been published in the preliminary reports to throw much light upon our recent progress.

The following table gives the totals for the United Kingdom and its principal divisions in April last and ten years ago:—

POPULATION.

	1881.	1801.
England	24,613,934	27,482,104
Wales	1,360,505	1,518,914
Scotland	3,735,573	4,033,103
Ireland	5,174,836	4,706,162
United Kingdom	34,884,848	37,740,283

The next table shows the increase of population, both absolute and the rate of increase per cent., for the last two decades:—

ABSOLUTE INCREASE AND RATE PER CENT.

	1871-81.		1881-91.	
England	+3,118,803	+14·5	+2,868,170	+11·7
Wales	+ 143,370	+11·8	+ 158,409	+11·6
Scotland	+ 375,555	+11·2	+ 297,530	+ 8·0
Ireland	− 237,541	− 4·4	− 468,674	− 9·1
United Kingdom	+3,400,187	+10·8	+2,855,435	+ 8·2

The first point that strikes one is that while England, Wales, and Scotland, as well as the United Kingdom as a whole, have considerably increased in numbers, Ireland has no less considerably diminished. This is, however, no new story; from the time of the

first census each successive enumeration has given larger figures for each division of Great Britain and for the whole kingdom, but every census since 1841 has shown a constantly diminishing population in Ireland.

The second point that calls for attention is that while the rate of decrease in Ireland is greater than in the preceding decade, the rate of increase in every other division, and *a fortiori* in the total, is less. But not merely are the rates of increase less, the absolute increments in England and Scotland are notably less, while the absolute decrement in Ireland is notably greater. These changes are exactly the reverse of what might have been expected, since an increased population should have given a larger increment, as is shown in the next table, which gives the estimated increase calculated on the assumption of the *rate of increase* remaining as it was, together with the amounts by which the actual figures exceeded or fell short of these estimates.

	Estimated increase.	Enumerated increase.	Defect or excess of actual numbers
England	+3,571,337	+2,868,170	703,167 defect
Wales...	+ 160,257	+ 158,409	1,848 „
Scotland	+ 417,533	+ 297,530	120,003 „
Ireland	− 227,120	− 468,674	241,554 excess.
Total of United Kingdom ...	+3,922,007	+2,855,435	1,066,572 defect.

The rates of increase have varied in the past, but in England the rate has never been so low before.

The discrepancies, save in the case of Wales, are very considerable, but are not difficult to account for. The returns of births and deaths show a decrease under both headings, but the decrease of the births was greatest, so that the excess of births over deaths, or natural increase, was in England and Wales some 289,000 below the anticipated number, and accounted for some two-fifths of the whole deficiency, the remaining three-fifths being due to the extraordinary amount of emigration throughout the ten years. The returns of emigration issued by the Board of Trade give an approximate record of this movement, and show that the increased emigration was most notable in Scotland, least notable in Ireland. Moreover, in Scotland the natural increase did not alter very much, whereas

in Ireland, while the birth-rate fell as in England and Wales, the death-rate, low previously, scarcely declined at all. From these considerations we are justified in inferring that emigration had more to do with the Scottish deficiency, but less to do with the Irish deficiency, than was the case in England.

The movements of population in the last seventy years have greatly altered the relative importance of the various divisions of the United Kingdom, so that England, in 1821 comprising little more than one-half of the population, now has nearly three-fourths, while Ireland, which had then one-third, has now only one-eighth.

PROPORTION PER CENT. OF THE POPULATION RESIDING IN DIFFERENT PARTS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM.

	1821.		1891.
England	54·0	.....	72·8
Wales	3·4	.....	4·0
Scotland	10·0	.....	10·7
Ireland	32·6	.....	12·5

The growth in each county has been far from uniform. As might have been expected, the various counties have increased at very different rates, in fact, five English counties—Cornwall, Huntingdon, Rutland, Hereford, and Shropshire—have actually decreased; moreover, these same counties decreased in the previous decennium, and indeed the decline in Cornwall dates from 1861, in Rutland from 1851. On the other hand, Cambridge, Dorset, and Westmorland, which declined in 1871-81, have made good their losses. Cornwall has suffered in its mining industry from the discovery of copper and tin in North America, the Malay Peninsula, and Australia, in more productive and more easily worked lodes, much as many agricultural districts in England have suffered from the cultivation of the Western prairies. By the developments of Free Trade the world gains, though the individual may lose.

A glance at the table in the Census Report giving the increase or decrease of each registration district shows clearly enough that in many counties (notably Oxford, Northampton, Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, Wilts, Dorset, Devon, Somerset, Gloucester, Lincoln, E. York, N. York, Northumberland, Cumberland, and Westmorland), which as a whole have increased in the ten years, the more rural parts have decreased considerably.

It is most difficult to separate accurately the rural from the urban population, but the Census Report says that the division for public health purposes into urban and rural sanitary districts "may be taken as representing with sufficiently approximate accuracy the respective . . . urban and rural populations." Accepting this division for want of a better, we find that while the urban population increased by 15·3 per cent., the rural population increased by only 3·4 per cent. But it must be always borne in mind that many of the larger villages and smaller towns really contain a population either engaged directly in agriculture or mainly concerned with supplying the wants of those so engaged.

Next let us turn to the town population. Speaking generally, the continued rapid growth of the towns is most striking, while the exceptions are hardly less notable and even more instructive. The urban sanitary districts above referred to are 1,005 in number, which may be divided into three classes: (*a*) Places with less than 5,000 inhabitants, in all 382 districts, of which 152 have diminished; (*b*) places with 5,000 but less than 50,000 inhabitants, in all 562, of which 80 have diminished; (*c*) places with more than 50,000 inhabitants, numbering 61, of which one only, viz., Liverpool, has diminished. Thus we see that the smallest towns have diminished in the greatest proportion, the medium-sized towns decidedly less, the large towns least.

In Liverpool the decrease amounted to 34,557, or 6·3 per cent., but this simply means that houses in the central part of the town were demolished for sanitary reasons, or converted into business premises, while the town overflowed its boundaries. If a "Greater Liverpool" be taken, comprising the registration districts of Liverpool, Toxteth Park, West Derby, and Birkenhead, we get an aggregate of 860,332, showing a growth of 70,441, or 8·9 per cent. A similar decrease, though on a smaller scale, occurred in the older or more central parts of Birmingham, Brighton, Bristol, Hull, Manchester, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Nottingham, Portsmouth, Sheffield, and Sunderland.

There are six towns in which not only was the absolute increase considerable, but the *rate* of increase quite phenomenal, viz.:—

	Absolute Increase.		Per cent.
Leyton	36,080	.....	133·5
Willesden	33,653	.....	121·9
Tottenham	34,762	.....	95·0
West Ham	75,949	.....	58·9
Ystradyfodwg	32,718	.....	58·8
Cardiff	46,088	.....	57·7

The first four are practically suburbs of London; the last two depend for their growth on the mining and shipment of coal.

Here I would put in a word of caution as to *rates of increase*. "Rates" are of great value in statistical comparisons, they are indeed indispensable, but they require to be used with caution and knowledge. In the discussion of the growth of population as locally distributed absolute numbers are often more instructive than rates per cent., since much depends upon the initial number; *e.g.*, the addition through migration of 500 persons to a suburban village of 1,000 inhabitants involves a rate of increase of 50 per cent., but is a matter of trivial importance compared to the addition of 50,000 persons to a city of half a million of inhabitants, although the latter only involves a rate of increase of 10 per cent. In the same way the growth of a new country when measured by the "rate of increase" is apt to unduly impress anyone who hastily compares it with that of older communities.

In the following towns the actual increments are very large, though the rates of increase are moderate; they are all manufacturing towns, one a seaport also.

	Absolute Increase.		Per cent.
Manchester (with Salford) ...	64,941	.....	10·2
Birmingham (with Aston Manor)	43,194	.....	9·5
Leeds	58,387	.....	18·9
Sheffield	39,735	.....	14·0
Kingston-upon-Hull	34,301	.....	20·7

Some towns, such as Barrow-in-Furness, Birmingham, Bradford, Brighton, Leicester, Liverpool, Nottingham, Oldham, and Salford, have increased notably less than in the previous decennium. On the other hand, the following have increased notably more, viz., Manchester, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Norwich, Plymouth, and Portsmouth.

Among watering places we may remark that, while Bath has been practically stationary for sixty years, Cheltenham is actually going down; and while Margate, Ramsgate, and "Royal Leamington Spa" (*sic*) increase but slowly, Eastbourne has increased by 58 per cent., and Bournemouth has more than doubled.

So far, no mention has been made of London, since it demands entirely separate treatment, standing as it does by itself. London can scarcely be described as a great town, it is rather "a province of houses." No English adjective seems adequate to describe its size (a German journalist has well applied to it the expressive term *ungeheuer*). In April last "Greater London" embraced an enormous aggregate of 5,633,332 inhabitants. The next largest cities in the world are "Greater New York" with 2⅞ millions, and Paris with 2½ millions; a long way behind come Berlin with 1⅝ millions, "Greater Vienna" with 1⅓ millions, and after these Chicago, Philadelphia, and St. Petersburg with about a million apiece It may then be said without exaggeration that London is as populous as the aggregate of the two cities which most nearly approach it; more than this, the population of London exceeds in numbers the populations of many countries, some of which have played important parts in history, viz., Scotland, Ireland, Holland, Bavaria, Saxony, Sweden, and Portugal, while it numbers twice as many inhabitants as either Würtemberg, Norway, Denmark, Greece, or Servia. The area of Canada is as large as that of Europe, but in population it is beaten by London; New Zealand and Australia constitute a continent which in population does not equal even the 4,211,056 inhabitants of "Inner London"!

We may derive some small comfort from the fact that the rate of growth in London is not what it has been, and mere conditions of space make it practically impossible that it can ever grow as rapidly in the future; nevertheless the absolute growth has been very large. "Registration" London, which is practically identical with the London of the County Council, has grown by 395,512 persons in the ten years, but, outside this, the "outer ring" of suburbs has received additions mounting up to 471,159. A list of a few places, once quiet suburban villages, is here given with their present populations and their growth within the decade:—

	Present Population.	Growth in Ten Years.
Willesden	61,266	33,653
Hornsey	44,512	22,027
Wood Green	25,830	15,948
Enfield	31,532	12,588
Edmonton	25,380	10,206
Tottenham	71,336	34,762
Walthamstow	46,346	24,631
Leyton	63,106	36,080
West Ham	204,902	75,949
East Ham	32,710	22,004
Croydon	102,697	23,886
Wimbledon	25,758	9,808

In London proper, the administrative county, the increase during the last ten years has averaged 108 *per diem*, as against 154 *per diem* during the previous decade; the number is smaller than it was, since the area is getting gradually built up and the people have to go farther afield in search of sleeping accommodation. The vastness of these figures teaches us some important lessons: on the one hand, how futile must be all schemes of municipal building to provide the house accommodation required; how ridiculous to talk of the County Council purchasing land outside London, building houses, and trying to *induce* the people to go and live there, when they are doing so of their own accord to the extent of 131 every day! But, on the other hand, when we learn that in the County of London during the decade the number of inhabited houses has increased by 68,249, we see the immense importance of legislative and administrative efforts directed to ensure that these houses shall be soundly built, with due spaces at their backs, and that the streets shall be wisely laid out and a due provision for open spaces made.

But the County of London does not grow in all its parts: very large areas in its centre diminish in population, as we have seen to be the case in other large towns. This decrease has been going on for thirty years in Westminster, Marylebone, St. Giles, Strand, Holborn, the City, Shoreditch, and St. George's-in-the-East; for twenty years in St. George's, Hanover Square; and has only recently commenced in St. Pancras and Stepney; in Whitechapel, on the contrary, a long-standing decrease has been replaced by a

small increase, to be mainly attributed to the influx of foreign Jews. The aggregate decrease of this central area was as follows :—

1861-71	...	...	...	...	...	32,225
1871-81	...	...	...	...	...	53,468
1881-91	...	...	...	...	...	79,465

It is therefore increasing. There is considerable migration from London to all parts of the country, but it will not be possible to measure this until the facts as to birthplaces are published.

Of the twelve counties into which Wales is divided, nine lost in population collectively 29,008, but three gained collectively 187,417, nearly the whole of the increase being in the county of Glamorgan and due to the development of the mines and smelting works. The net increase was 158,409, or 11·6 per cent., being nearly the same rate as that of England. The increase of Wales has been at a greater rate in only two preceding decades, whereas that of England has never been so small before. The presence of coal and other minerals has attracted a large number of people not merely to work the mines but to transport the minerals, and an enormous railway and shipping trade has rapidly sprung up ; not only this, but the smelting works of Swansea have attracted ore from far and wide—from the North of Spain, North and South America, South Africa, and even Australia. Hence it results that whilst the other Welsh counties have either long passed their maximum, or are increasing but slowly, Glamorganshire has increased nearly ten-fold since the beginning of the century. During the same time Ystradyfodwg has risen from a mere village to a town of 88,350 inhabitants, Swansea from a small town to one of 90,423, while Cardiff from a very small port has grown to 128,849, having added 46,088 in the last ten years. Cardiff is now more than three times the size that it was in 1861, and must now be reckoned as one of the great towns of England and Wales. The "depopulation" of rural Wales began much earlier and has been much more intense than that of England ; Cardigan and Montgomery have been literally decimated in the last ten years ; Brecknock and Pembroke have about the same numbers now as in 1851, Anglesea as in 1841, Cardigan as in 1831, Montgomery and Radnor as in 1821.

The census of Scotland tells the same story in a more intense form; the town districts have increased, the rural districts have decreased. Of the principal towns only one, Greenock, has lost population; the medium-sized towns have shown the greatest *rate* of increase, but the actual increment has been greatest in the largest towns. Glasgow, after the addition of 54,000, had last April a total of 565,714, and is now the second city of the United Kingdom. The counties of Sutherland, Ross and Cromarty, Kinross, and Wigtown have been continually losing in numbers since 1851; Shetland, Caithness, and Berwick since 1861. The total loss of population varies from 31 per cent. in Kinross to 6 per cent. in Ross and Cromarty.

In Ireland the census reveals a greater diminution than has occurred since the decade 1851-61. Every county has decreased except those in which are situated Dublin and Belfast.

The cause of this extraordinary depopulation in the sister isle has naturally been a matter of much discussion, into which strong political feeling has entered. It is of great importance, therefore, to be quite clear as to the facts. Each successive census before the famine showed a large increase, each census since has shown a diminution, nevertheless the famine cannot be looked upon as the cause of the change. The census of 1841 revealed a much smaller increase than had been anticipated, which was accounted for at the time by the great emigration which had taken place, partly to Great Britain, partly to British North America. The migration following the famine was similar, but on a much larger scale, and has continued in greater or smaller volume ever since. The great famine was not the first famine; the population had for a long time been living under circumstances of extreme poverty and privation, but the failure of the potato crop in 1846 caused a crisis, and at about the same time came into play the increased facilities for migration. No other country in Europe has been the scene of such a depopulation as Ireland, but is the phenomenon unique in kind? I say emphatically, no. The same phenomenon, but in less intensity, is seen all over the world. The people have for forty years at least been leaving agricultural land and repairing to mining districts, or

to large manufacturing towns in their own or in other lands. This is true, as is familiar to all, of England, of Wales, and of Scotland. It is still more true of France. This is the age of centralisation in business, the age of large capitalists, hence the age of large towns. Even in Ireland itself Dublin and Belfast have continued to grow, the latter so rapidly that it is now between three and four times as large as before the famine. The population of Ireland has diminished because it has been and is now almost entirely dependent upon agriculture, having no mineral wealth, and but few manufactures.

The growth of large towns and the stagnation or decline of rural districts is characteristic of this century and is the result of the operation of general laws that are not limited by conditions of latitude or longitude, climate or race, laws or governments. We have seen that it prevails in every division of the United Kingdom; for ample proof that it prevails also in Germany, Austria, Hungary, Holland, Sweden, Italy, and more especially in France, I am compelled by considerations of space to refer the reader to my article on "Depopulation" in the *Dictionary of Political Economy*. The growth of the chief towns and stagnation of the country districts is the cause of much uneasiness in Victoria and South Australia; it is scarcely less talked of in the United States; and as I write the telegraph informs us that it is even more marked in Canada. What, then, are these general causes? Clearly not landlords, land laws, large estates, or primogeniture. They are, however, a combination of the following results of modern progress: the application of machinery to agriculture enabling a smaller number of men to raise and grow the same crop; the centralisation of manufactures in large factories starving many village industries; the rise in the standard of living due to increased knowledge; improved means of communication by sea and land facilitating the transfer of labour, food, raw materials, and manufactured articles from place to place, from continent to continent—the whole process greatly facilitated by cheap postage, cheap telegrams, and a cheap Press. To all this must be added the unquestionable fact that the large majority of persons of all classes in the present day prefer a town to a country life.

The preliminary report gives us a little information as to the sexes of the people. Thus there were in England and Wales 899,778 females in excess, or 106·4 females to every 100 males; the excess is partly accounted for by soldiers and sailors abroad, but the proportion has been steadily increasing since 1851, when it was only 104·2. It must not, however, be supposed that this means that such a large number of women are excluded from all chances of matrimony, since the census of 1881 showed that when the population was divided into unmarried, married, and widowed the excess of widows over widowers was very large and accounted for nearly five-sixths of the total excess of women. The large number of widows is due to the greater longevity of women, and to the large number of deaths of men from violence in one form or another.

The numbers of the two sexes are also given for the "registration" counties, and from this table I have calculated the ratios, and find that the proportion of females to each 100 males range from 117 to 111 in the following counties: Sussex, Cornwall, Gloucester, extra-Metropolitan-Middlesex, Somerset, Bedford, extra-Metropolitan-Surrey, Devon, London, and Worcester. It is not easy to say why all these counties should have had such an undue proportion of women, but some of them contain a large population of the wealthier classes employing many domestic servants, and some, such as Devon and Cornwall, lose many men by emigration. The counties having the smallest proportion of women, ranging from 101 to 94, were Northumberland, Stafford, Derby, North York, South Wales, Durham, and Monmouth—all of them counties with large mining populations.

In Scotland there are 106·7 females to every 100 males. In the northern counties the proportion is largest, in the south-western smallest. In Shetland the number reaches 136; in Forfar, 122; in Lanark the numbers are equal; in Linlithgow and Stirling the men exceed the women, their relative numbers being 99 and 89 respectively. It is not easy to account for these facts: Shetland is losing population, so the emigration of the men may explain the excess of women, but this does not apply to Forfar; Lanark, Linlithgow, and Stirling are all increasing counties and probably absorb an excess of male immigrants.

In Ireland the excess of women is much smaller, 103 to 100. The proportion is largest in Ulster, nearly 108, and smallest in Munster, where the sexes are equal. Among individual counties we have Dublin and Down each with 112, and Antrim with 114. On the other hand, there are no less than seventeen counties in which the males are in excess; the smallest proportions of females are 82 in Kildare, and 92 in Westmeath. This excess of males in a number of agricultural counties with decreasing populations is anomalous. The only explanation I can offer is, that the Irish are distinguished from all other nations in that the women seem to emigrate as willingly as the men. Some part of the excess of females in Co. Dublin and Antrim is doubtless due to the numbers of domestic servants in Belfast and the capital, who would come in part from the counties with the reduced proportion.

A few words as to the growth of population in general. Most civilised communities were enumerated either in the past or in the present year, and it will be interesting to bring together some of the results. In these days of rapid interchange of population it is not possible to avoid fallacies unless we group together the countries that absorb with those that disperse, since the immigrant in a new country is a product of the fertility of the country from which he emigrates. I have therefore brought into the following table the most important new countries as well as some of the leading European countries.

	Population in Millions.			Increase 1870-71 to 1880-81.		Increase 1880-81 to 1890-91.	
	1870 or 1871	1880 or 1881	1890 or 1891	Absolute.	Per Cent.	Absolute.	Per Cent.
United Kingdom	31·48	34·88	37·74	3,400,187	10·8	2,855,435	8·2
Canada	3·58	4·32	4·82	742,028	20·7	498,534	11·5
Australia	1·66	2·25	3·19	587,155	35·3	937,661	41·7
New Zealand ...	·26	·49	·62	233,600	91·1	128,695	26·3
United States ...	38·91	50·16	62·62	11,247,783	23·9	12,466,467	24·9
France	35·62	37·32	38·10	1,702,186	4·8	773,964	2·1
Germany	40·60	45·23	49·42	4,639,051	11·4	4,188,877	9·3
Austria	20·42	22·14	23·84	1,722,507	8·4	1,691,017	7·6
Hungary	15·42	15·74	17·34	322,259	2·1	1,596,670	10·2
Total	187·95	212·53	237·69	24,596,756	13·1	25,137,320	11·8

We find, then, that the countries included in the tables, which comprised an aggregate population of nearly 188,000,000 in 1871, grew by 24,500,000 in ten years, and again by 25,000,000 in the next ten years, but the rate of growth was 13·1 per cent. in the first period and only 11·8 per cent. in the second. The rate of growth was less rapid in the decade just ended than in the preceding in all the countries except two—Australia and Hungary.* The very general character of this diminished rate of growth is a most noteworthy circumstance. The decline is most striking in France, where, but for the influx of foreigners, the population would be almost stationary; in Canada, where rapid growth is confined to the western provinces, while the provinces of the Atlantic seaboard like the adjoining States of New England, scarcely increase at all; and in New Zealand, which in the last five years has sent many emigrants to Australia.

In the United Kingdom the census of 1891 has been full of surprises to those who have not carefully watched the records of births, deaths, and emigration. Our birth-rates and death-rates have both been understated as regards the whole country: as regards many of the towns they have been entirely deceptive, as in the cases of Liverpool and Salford, the errors rendering them valueless; while the most careful estimates have proved wholly untrustworthy.

A trustworthy census is a most valuable instrument of instruction, but in order that it may at any time be a reasonably accurate picture of the facts, it must be taken at shorter intervals than ten years. Using statistical language, the cost may be absolutely great, but it is relatively small and one that such a country as England can well afford.

G. B. LONGSTAFF.

* In the case of Hungary the very small increase in 1871-80 is partly to be accounted for by a very fatal epidemic of cholera in 1873-4.

THE MAGYAR LITERATURE OF THE LAST FIFTY YEARS.

ANY one familiar with the intellectual condition prevailing in Hungary half a century ago, who will now take the trouble to inquire as to the intellectual atmosphere in which modern Hungary is living at present, will be confronted by contrasts such as can be hardly met with within such a brief period in the history of the development of any other people, past or present. One of the most forlorn and backward nations of the civilised world up to 1820, the Hungarian nation has since contrived to enter within this comparatively brief space of time upon a wonderful career of progress; and it must be recorded with astonishment and admiration in the history of civilisation that the seeds planted by enthusiastic men in the Magyar soil half a century back have developed into a tree bearing already the fully-ripened golden fruits of the Hesperides. To drop all allegory, it must be at once observed that during the first decades of the present century there was, properly speaking, no Hungary having a distinct intellectual existence of her own, for the simple reason that no Magyar literature existed, nor could any very well exist, since there was no Magyar language, in a literary sense. To be sure, there was a Magyar vernacular, but it was used very rarely by the cultivated. It was not recognised by the Legislature. Science existed but in name, and when it had anything to say it employed the language in which legislators, orators, and poets expressed themselves, namely, the Latin language.

A century and a-half have now elapsed since John Fischer, an honest physician, of the town of Késmark, in the county of Zips, perceiving the isolation of all scientific efforts in Hungary, issued

a Latin summons to the scholars of Pannonia, calling upon them to assemble in furtherance of the foundation of an intellectual centre; but this appeal seems to have produced little effect. Thirty years later Peter Bod, a Magyar ecclesiastical writer, indulged in bitter lamentations, saying, in his preface to the *History of the Catholic Church*, "How good it would be if a Society composed of learned men were established for the purpose of improving the Magyar language as other nations are doing with their own languages." But this appeal led to nothing. Yet the ice-crust of indifference and indolence, beneath which the heart of the nation lay buried, gradually melted away, most probably under the influence of breezes coming from the West. The French Encyclopædists and the German poet-heroes combined to stir into life the tender plant of Hungarian culture, and we thus find George Bessényi, a prominent Lifeguard at the luxurious court of Maria Theresa in Vienna, addressing, in 1781, a pamphlet to the gracious and high-born estates of "the respected and highly-noble" Hungarian fatherland, in which he enthusiastically expatiates upon his "pious plan regarding a Hungarian Society." This appeal would probably have produced no greater results than those of his predecessors had it not been for the circumstance that an obscure enthusiast, by the name of Révay, exhibited a truly fiery zeal in circulating the pamphlet among the estates of the realm, and that the attempts of the Emperor Joseph at Germanisation had produced in all the departments of public life a reaction in favour of national distinctiveness. This sentiment of nationality was stirred to its depths when the edicts infringing upon the constitution of Hungary were repealed by the Emperor Joseph on his deathbed. The reaction against the liberal and democratic principles championed by the Emperor Joseph allied itself with the revolutionary ideas coming from France, and this was the signal for the Government to commence proceedings against the "Hungarian Jacobins," since the European fashion of organising secret societies seems to have also invaded Hungary. The Government of Francis not only caused some of these conspirators to be condemned to death, but had them actually executed, and the terror spread by the scaffold on the "bloody field" of Buda acted again, for some time to come, as a restraint upon the feeble attempts to call a

national literature into life. This was followed by an era of both mental and political stagnation.

In Vienna they fondly imagined that the vital energies of the nation had been crushed out, since Hungary no longer insisted upon her constitutional rights: when suddenly several poets arose who strove to rouse the country from its lethargy by inspiring pictures of its ancient greatness, while a man of a truly providential character placed himself at the head of the patriots. The name of this man was Count Stephen Széchényi, while Charles Kisfaludy was the leader of the patriotic poets. Széchényi was the founder of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences, and the name of Kisfaludy will be kept perennially fresh by the literary Kisfaludy Society established in his honour. It was the aim of both to conquer the shocking indifference of the so-called higher classes with regard to national aspirations and endeavours, and both of them successfully accomplished their object. It was reserved to the poets and writers of a later era to stir up the people itself from its torpor of many centuries, and to cause it to partake of the intellectual food of the nation.

The great influence exerted by Charles Kisfaludy upon the nation is accounted for by the circumstance that he wrote for the stage in order to produce a direct effect upon a larger mass of the people. Nobody believed, before his appearance, in the possibility of a Hungarian drama. He showed the world that Hungarian plays could be written, and that Hungarians could act them.

Charles Kisfaludy was indeed an original genius, as is shown by his remarkable life. He belonged to no special school, and neither classic, Gallic, nor romantic tendencies can boast of having influenced his literary training. Life itself and want were both nurse and teacher to him. His mother died in giving birth to him, and his father could never forgive him for having been the innocent cause of her death. Not doing well at school he was sent by his father into the army. At the age of eighteen we find him gallantly fighting as an ensign against the French, and very soon he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant. For reasons hitherto unexplained, he suddenly left the army, sold the small estate inherited from his mother, and began a roaming life extending over many

years. For a while he stopped at Vienna, maintaining himself there by portrait-painting and the ornamental painting of boxes. He then turned his steps towards the south, and not being heard from for nearly ten years was entirely forgotten even by those few persons who may have perchance discovered superior mental gifts in the wild and impetuous cavalry officer. He was nearly thirty years old when he returned to his native land, to which he was irresistibly drawn by home-sickness, the feeling of which he so touchingly rendered in one of his poems. What he had done all this time, where he had passed all these years, were matters he never explained, nor did he like to speak about them. It is quite likely, however, that he had been wandering through Italy, Switzerland, and France, painting for money and composing poetry. He came back to his country a silent man, rich in experience. He settled down in Pest, took up his lodgings with a poor shoemaker, and earned a meagre living by painting small pictures in water-colours, embodying the reminiscences of his travels. Something very remarkable happened just then. A company of Hungarian players had come to Pest in order to give a few performances at the German theatre—for there was no Hungarian theatre in the capital of Hungary—and opened with an original drama, the manuscript of which had reached them by accident. The title of the play was *The Tartars in Hungary*, and the man who had written it many years before during an attack of poetical fervour was no other than the dashing and reckless Eszterházy Hussar, Charles Kisfaludy. The play and the performance kindled an enthusiasm which carried away the author himself, and led him to the discovery of his proper calling. And now, laying aside brush and easel, he went on writing dramas and comedies, comedies and dramas, good and bad, inferior and superior, filling in the course of ten years nearly as many thick volumes. But the most remarkable part about these dramatic productions was that the phenomenal effect produced by them was such that people in Vienna became eager to know this source of Magyar enthusiasm, and that most of his plays were translated into German and had to be performed in Vienna. Many of them appeared also in German in Kotzebue's *Musenalmanach*, and in Gaál's *Theater der Magyaren*, some of them meeting with a good

reception, others with a bad one, according to merit or caprice. What gives the most permanent value to his dramatic works, however, is the tendency pervading them to hold up a mirror to the nation and to society. He died on November 21st, 1830. He was not quite forty years old at the time of his death.

A few days before Charles Kisfaludy's death, the Hungarian Academy of Sciences was organised. This institute proved a strong prop to the struggling literature in its tender beginnings, while learned men in their turn contributed to raise the language from its inferior and helpless position, and to develop a more refined philological sense. Thus we see the national literature achieving success during the third and fourth decades of the present century. Beginning with 1836, the authentic text of the laws of the land was the Magyar text; the language of the orators was Magyar; the Magyar language was used in the Government offices; and a few years later, on November 17th, 1844, the Diet was opened by the King with a speech in the Magyar language. The influence exerted by the rising literature was not confined to the ordinary reading public, but extended also to the leading circles. The first persevering attacks were aimed at the bulwarks of the feudal constitution. The task proposed was to mitigate the hard lot of the peasantry, to abolish privileges, to reorganise the administration of the counties, and to make the principles of liberty, equality, and fraternity the permanent law of Hungary. These were the chief motives actuating both prose and poetry during the two decades preceding 1848, and if it may be truly said that the French Encyclopædists had prepared, without intending to do so, the French Revolution of 1789, it may be asserted with equal truth that the foundation of the Hungarian Academy of Sciences gave the impulse to the Hungarian revolution of 1848. Indeed, it needs no lengthy explanation in order to understand that the greatest statesmen and the most glowing orators of feudal Hungary could necessarily influence but a small circle, especially as reports of the proceedings of public assemblies were discountenanced by law up to within a few years before the revolution. In the primitive condition of the Press, enslaved by a brutal censorship, their words frequently reached no farther than their voices or the charm of their individuality. Literature alone

remained capable of acting upon wider strata of the population, while poetry alone could inspire with enthusiasm the masses that had been robbed by the feudal state of their political rights, and convey the knowledge of ideals to a people whose necks had been galled for centuries by the yoke of slavery. It was this literature alone which was capable of preparing and lending dignity to the work preceding the day of rising. The poets achieving such results must have struck deep in order to find their way to the hearts of their countrymen. Providence, or, in Hungarian parlance, "the God of the Magyars," took care that poets of this kind should arise in those days, poets who issued from the ranks of the people and were destined to ascend the loftiest heights Hungarian genius is capable of reaching in our days, or which, indeed, poets in general could reach. Such were Alexander Petöfi and John Arany, the former representing the blossom and the latter the ripe fruit of the modern national literature of the Magyars. In Petöfi we see embodied the climax of lyric poetry, and in Arany the climax of epic poetry.

Petöfi, however, had been preceded by others. Michael Vitéz Csokonai, the gifted wandering student of Debreczin, had sung cheerily many a tuneful song before Petöfi, besides having smoothed the way for John Arany; but he was a slave to the mannerism characteristic of his time, and was unable to rise to the freedom of genius discarding all preconceived ideas. Vörösmarty and Bajza had also found patriotic strains, and Vörösmarty's patriotic song, entitled "Szózat," remains to this day in spite of its defects, the real national anthem. It is the "Rule Britannia" of the Magyars. The number of Hungarian poets increased very rapidly between 1830 and 1840, but the purest, sweetest, and most harmonious strains were those drawn by Petöfi from his lute. Vörösmarty rescued the national language from the fetters of primitiveness and incompleteness which weighed it down, in the same way as the German language when found by Herder and Lessing, both of whom finally mastered it in such a wonderful manner. In Vörösmarty we discover for the first time the euphony of the Magyar language and its charm supported by art, and he acquaints us for the first time with the tremendous force of Arpád's tongue. The flight of his poetical genius is commanding and powerful,

like that of the eagle soaring towards the sun, and to Vörösmarty is due the praise of having been the discoverer of the magnificent pathos of the Hungarian genius.

Alexander Petöfi was Vörösmarty's spiritual inheritor and unconscious successor; he did not ascend at once the heights of the universally and purely human, like his predecessor, but he stands closer to the heart of the people, and the pulsations of the nation find their echo in him. We see everything reflected in the magic mirror of his poesy: the joy and sorrow of the nation: how she is carried away by wild enthusiasm, and how, again, she lowly bends her brow in resignation. There the nation lives again with her swelling and defiant youthful strength, with her thoughts and endeavours, with her world-embracing love, and her world-scorning pride.

Vörösmarty's lofty genius soars into the vast regions of the ideal. We do not recognise in the fruit he offers us the peculiarities of climate, for he wings his flight high up in the boundless realm of thought. Petöfi, on the other hand, belongs entirely to the Hungarian people; every throb of his heart is devoted to it, and never for a moment ceases his soul to be in full sympathy with the nation. He unrolls before our eyes the endless steppes of the Hungarian lowland, with its fiery and swift horses stamping the ground, its dilapidated wayside inns, and its shepherds, and reveals to us the Magyar people in all its originality, yet always as reflected in the kaleidoscope of his own heart. Petöfi is the poet of the people *par excellence*, and the greatest Hungarian lyric poet. The national character can never be appreciated and rendered more aptly, faithfully, or with more originality than by him. This accounts for the powerful effect he produced, for he was indeed the incarnation of the conscious poetry of the people and of the collective nation. He was at the same time the embodiment of the revolution. Fiery, turbulent, defiant, all ardour and passion, he harboured latent storms like the ocean. He lived entirely and exclusively for the present moment, and was in perfect unison with the time in which he lived. Flag in hand, he rushed into the thickest of the fight, and "Death to kings" was his battle-cry. His battle-song, "Rise Magyars" (Talpra Magyar!), was heard to the end of

the struggle for liberty of 1848-49, and survived the poet-patriot, who lost his life in one of the bloody engagements of those years.

John Arany, as much a phenomenon as the flaming Tyrtæus of the revolution himself, appeared by the side of the Heaven-storming minstrel, sympathising with him and competing with him for the laurels. Yet, while Petőfi vanished meteor-like in the struggle for liberty, leaving no trace behind him, John Arany began to unfold his wings only upon the ruins of the revolution, and soaring over them he reached his zenith. Peaceful, smooth, and deep, like the waters of a gulf, the waves of which are laving the weather-beaten giant rocks, and which yet in the hours of tempest and storm can dash and roar; a blue, unruffled bay, reflecting the firmament in all its immensity, such was John Arany. His muse is no consuming fire, no wasting fever; before her noble beauty, spreading warmth, we bow down with admiration and humility, and follow her course with our gaze as we would that of a bright constellation moving in the stilly night along the darkling path in its luminous career. Arany's genius plunges into the past; like the diver descending to the bottom of the sea in order to bring up to the light of the day treasures hidden there thousands of years, he, too, dives into the days that are past, and whatever he rescues from the stream of oblivion is rendered more beautiful and more venerable by the touch of his muse. The din of revolutionary war could not divert for any length of time his gaze, fixed upon the deep, and a few "honvéd" songs were the whole upshot of the enthusiasm, the struggle for liberty aroused in him. The strains of Arany's lyre did not mingle with the jubilations of victory, but when the struggle was over we see him stalking solitary and ghostlike over the battle-ground. He gathered the tears of the wounded and the sighs of the dying into the immortal vessel of his poesy, and over the scene of wanton ruin arose his pathetic lament. Arany was thus the poet of passive and resigned sorrow; his natural disposition may have had a share in this, but the time in which he lived during his mature manhood certainly made him what he was. In 1867, the year of the coronation, he still nursed the melancholy which his countrymen and contemporaries had long ago exchanged for hopes. In him the despondency of the sad years succeeding

the revolution found a more abiding echo, for he had felt it more deeply and grievously than all the rest, and the whole series of his epics, which made him the greatest Hungarian poet of this century, were conceived in this spirit and should prove a source of comfort to the nation in adversity. His real greatness lies in his ballads and epic poems. Training himself after English models, Arany may be properly called the father of the national ballad, while his epic tales, "Buda's Death," and the legend of "Toldy," glorify in a magnificent manner the origin of his nation and the age of chivalry in Hungary. But whichever chord Arany struck on his lyre it always responded with a sound full and clear, and he was always great and classical. His popular songs are heard everywhere, and they are liked quite as much as his ballads and epic tales. Arany was a great thinker and a great poet, a man without flaw, with a soul without guile.

The flourishing period of the modern national literature of Hungary, which commenced before Kisfaludy's death and had ended long before John Arany's death, exhibited not only the lyric poetry and the ballad at a respectable height, but the Hungarian novel also. Baron Joseph Eötvös, Baron Sigismund Kemény, and Baron Coloman Jósika—the first under German influence, and the others, who were natives of Transylvania, under the influence of Walter Scott—all of them brilliant names, produced novels which have met with appreciation even in the garb of translation. Maurice Jókai, too, has proved one of the most fertile of novelists, and has been for nearly forty years the autocrat in the production of novels. His fertility is no less astonishing than the manysidedness of his talents and the unfading freshness of an imagination occasionally eccentric. In the drama alone the Hungarian genius is unable to record a similar success. It is true that the Iron Age of Magyar literature has left to us *Bank Bán*, by Katona, a drama which gives ample proof of the high gifts of its author, and the material of which has also been worked up by German and English dramatists; but in spite of the constantly swelling *répertoire* of original Hungarian dramas, no acknowledged masterpiece can be found among them. Nor can we omit to mention a dramatist of rare

fertility, namely, Edward Szigligeti. He came after Charles Kisfaludy, whose dramatic productions will always possess great historical value as pioneers in dramatic literature. Szigligeti cultivated through many decades every species of drama, from comedy to tragedy, and may be properly said to have created the *répertoire* of the national stage; but he may be ranked at best with the German Kotzebue, for he was no poet, stage routine and arrangement being the elements that rendered his pieces acceptable on the stage. Jókai, too, exerted himself considerably in this department of literature, but his dramas were always novels put on the stage, and the epic breadth of the novelist continually transgressed the narrower limits of dramatic poetry. The national *répertoire* feeds, therefore, solely on modern and home routine and on such crumbs as are obtained from the richly decked table of Shakespeare. It is worthy of remark that no other language can boast of such excellent Shakespearian translations as the Hungarian, since the heroes of the national literature have rivalled each other in bringing the works of the Swan of Avon nearer to the understanding of their countrymen by means of successful poetical renderings of the original. Vörösmarty, Petöfi, and Arany have achieved wonderful results in this direction, and the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, as rendered by Arany, reads and sounds like an original dramatic composition. The receipts from the representations of *Richard III.* are the largest which the Hungarian National Theatre at Budapest ever obtains.

It is difficult to discover the cause of this scanty dramatic productiveness. As a matter of fact, however, the original pioneers and cultivators of the Hungarian genius devoted themselves so zealously to lyric and epic poetry that there was but little leisure left for the drama. The Hungarian public is capable of enthusiasm, and is as impressionable as any southern people; its taste for the classic is sincere and deeply rooted, and the galleries are crowded upon those occasions when the tragedies of Sophocles (!) or the plays of Shakespeare are represented, or when the dramatic poem, entitled *The Tragedy of Man*, by Madách, is placed on the stage, a work which bears witness to the lofty flight of thought and the deep wisdom of its author, but betrays at the same time his slight

talent for dramatic composition. The fault lies in this, that the public must bring with them their enthusiasm in attending the theatre, and leave it without obtaining or carrying away any suggestive emotions in return. The writers of the third and fourth decades of our century, borne along by an inner mission, achieved great and lasting results, and it is to this circumstance that the influence they exerted upon their contemporaries must be ascribed, a circumstance which also explains the powerful effect produced by them in politics and society, and in the shaping of the destinies of their country. Proclaiming liberty, equality, and fraternity, they at least succeeded in realising the first two, and in seeing them established. Modern Hungary has proved unequal to the task of making a reality of fraternity, the last link in the chain of lofty achievements. Influenced by the prevailing tendencies of the day, she has never possessed sufficient independence to imprint the work of her own genius upon her own age. The modern literary productions of Hungary are like soft wax, upon which every hand leaves its impression, while the Magyar literature of 1830-1850 was like a die of steel, stamping the seal of its noble originality upon its time and its contemporaries.

A. VAMBÉRY.

VILLAGE LIFE IN PERSIA.

TRADITION, invention, or some other subtle agency has given the name of "manna" to a certain natural product found amongst the mountains of Persia; it is white, like hoar frost; it is sweet as honey; and at certain seasons of the year it covers the ground like dust. These seem to be the chief reasons for supposing it to be the identical food that the children of Israel ate in the Wilderness. Curiosity was the motive power which induced my wife and myself to leave the beaten track and to pursue a road which took us through the mountains where the so-called "manna villages" are, and in this *détour* we not only satisfied the curiosity in question, but got an insight into Persian village life unobtainable on the road that everybody has taken.

We left Ispahan one fine morning in April, with its blue-tiled domes sparkling in sunshine, and its gardens fresh with the intense green of a Persian spring; we passed those fraudulent shaking minarets, the stock sight of that town; we passed the old temple of the fire-worshippers on its conical hill, and then followed a road through a fertile valley, rich in cornfields, melon grounds, vineyards, and gardens. We halted for our midday repose at a tiny village, and as we ate our frugal meal we watched men preparing mud for building purposes, the only material known in these villages. Out of the ground before the village they dig the required soil; this they pile up in an open space and turn a stream on it, often leaving only a narrow footpath betwixt dangerous pitfalls for the mules to find their way. For the naked-legged children the sea of mud is a paradise; little urchins were wading in it up to their waists, each wearing numerous charms to ward off the evil eye—blue buttons from the sacred shrine of Koom, and verses of the Koran tied

round their arms; one of the infant paddlers had a rude figure of a man sewn on to its back, another had a green one on its back and one on each of its shoulders to ward off any uncanny influence that it might encounter. Such decorations, with the round cashmere caps the children wear about here, made the little paddlers look like miniature clowns escaped from a pantomime.

All the way to Nejifabad, our first night's resting-place, the fertility continued; men were digging in the fields with huge spades with chains attached; one man pushes this spade into the ground, whilst two others drag it up by means of the chains; and as evening drew on we met many yokes of bullocks, with their plough fixed on their yoke by its share, and the tail trailing behind.

Nejifabad is a village of sinister reputation, a recognised centre of the revolutionary Baabi sect, which many times during the present reign has driven terror into the heart of the Shah. Baab, the founder of this sect, was one of those men who narrowly escaped being a mighty prophet; he was ordered to be shot for his iniquities in the great square of Teheran; the volley that was directed at him did not kill him, and in the smoke he crawled away unseen. Dismay filled the hearts of his executioners, and a momentary gleam of triumph thrilled through his followers, and if the unfortunate wretch had not been found behind a wall hard by and brought again on the scene, he would easily have established the divine origin he claimed, and all Persia would have become Baabi.

The ungrateful Baabi of to-day say that, after all, poor Baab was not of divine origin, only a sort of John the Baptist, the gate (Baab) into the light of Heaven. Bohar is the present head of the faction, the Christ of their religion. Bohar signifies "light," and "His Illumination" lives in honourable exile at Acre, in Syria. In one respect the Baabi religion agrees with the orthodox creed of Persia, namely, in asserting that a perpetual incarnation of the supreme deity, a Hudjet, exists on earth. Noah, Moses, and Jesus Christ were in their day the temporary incarnations of the same spirit. Baab came of the same spiritual stock, and so does Bohar. To the Christians the Baabi claim close affinity, and most of their religious tenets have been reproduced from the New Testament. They are very partial to Englishmen, as we found to our joy at Nejifabad,

where we had no difficulty in obtaining comfortable quarters, and our host talked to us in rapturous, but vague, terms concerning the glory of Queen Victoria's reign, the abolition of slavery, and the many philanthropic measures which have graced the period.

That sect of Mohammedans to which the Persians belong, commonly known as the Shiah sect, or followers of Ali, also believe in this perpetual incarnation, but they say that the 12th Imam was the true incarnation of the Deity, a man who lived many centuries ago and was spirited away alive to some mountain recess, where he will remain until Mohammed sends him back to rule over his own. This doctrine has given an excellent handle to would-be incarnations, and Baab was not slow to avail himself of it, and proclaimed himself the Hudjet. Through all their persecutions the Baabi have continued to exist, because they are the advocates in Persia of rational religion, education, and advance, and when an opportunity occurs there is little doubt that they will assert themselves and form a considerable factor in the regeneration of this ancient country.

Nejifabad, with its fine square and avenues of trees, did not look at all like the hotbed of revolution, for we heard the evening prayers said with as much unction as elsewhere. It is only in whispered conversation with men like our host that one could suspect the freemasonry of discontent which here exists.

Persia is a country honeycombed with Sectarianism, but the most curious thing is that the heads of each sect live out of the country. The *Mustehed* of all Persia, the Metropolitan of the Shiah sect, lives at Kerbela, in Mesopotamia, watching over the tomb of Ali on Turkish soil ; Bohar, the light of the Baabi, is, as we have said, in exile at Acre ; the Armenians look to a Metropolitan at Etchmiazin, in Russia; whilst the head of the Parsee fire-worshippers resides in India.

Certainly, Persia, off the main line of route, is as different as possible from the Persia that the ordinary traveller sees. For two days after leaving Nejifabad we passed through villages nestling in fertility. Each village is, or rather was, protected by its mud fort, built on a hill, around which the cottages cluster—cottages which dazzle the eye with their continuity of mud domes and brown walls.

Wapusht looked like a nest of cottage beehives stuck together. Within, the houses were comfortable enough, and bore every appearance of prosperity, for here they are off the routes which soldiers and governors of provinces pass over, and when free from Government extortions Persia prospers.

On ascending to higher ground we came across a cold and barren district; the howling wind from the snow mountains made us again love those furs which we had considered such unnecessary burdens when leaving Ispahan. These sudden changes of temperature are the bane of the Persian traveller, and woe to those who are not provided with artificial warmth. On reaching the village of Kurd-i-Bala, the first of the manna villages, we found ourselves in Armenian society. Of late years the Armenians in Persia, by foreign intervention, have had their condition greatly ameliorated, and if this state of things is allowed to continue they are likely once more to become the most prosperous of the Shah's subjects. I was glad enough to warm myself by taking a brisk walk on reaching our destination, and accepted gladly the offices of Karapiet, the Reis or headman of the village, and our host, who volunteered to take me up the mountain side and show me the manna shrub.

In the fields around the village Armenian women were tilling the ground. On their heads they wore tall head-dresses, with flat crowns and silver chains dangling therefrom—very uncomfortable gear for purposes of husbandry—and beneath their bright red skirts peeped drawers with embroidered edges. Armenian women hide only the lower part of the face, deeming it unseemly that the mouth should be shown to members of the opposite sex.

Kurd-i-Bala is a great village for manna, the "*gez-angebeen*," as the Persians call it. About twenty minutes' walk brought us to a gorge in the mountains where acres of the shrub grow. The *gez* tree is a low and parasol-shaped plant of the Tamarisk tribe, never reaching more than 3ft. in height; its leaves are small and sombre in colour, and it has all over it long prickly thorns. On these leaves there comes a small insect, which is red at first, like a harvest bug; later on it turns into a sort of louse, and finally becomes a tiny moth, which, before it flies off, produces a thin white thread, about half an inch long, which hangs on the bushes. This the manna

collectors shake off on to trays, which are put below for the purpose, and the material thus collected they call *gez*. They say the insect appears fifteen days before the hot weather begins, and disappears fifteen days before the cold season sets in. Every third day during a term of forty days about August they collect this species of honey from the trees, which forms itself into a white gelatinous mass, and the leaves become covered again with surprising rapidity.

Karapiet was very proud of his speciality and quite enthusiastic when he described the acres of whiteness this spot presented in the summer time. He said that if you go to sleep under a *gez* tree you will wake up with a coating over you as of snow; if there is a high wind it will certainly be blown to some distance; but the connecting link between this manna and that consumed by the Israelites is lost, if there ever was one. As for the Arabic word manna, it is only known in Persia amongst the druggists, and does not apply to the sweet honey of the *gez* tree, but to certain exudations from the oak and other milky exudations from shrubs which are largely made use of in the Persian pharmacopœia. The villagers evidently drive a highly satisfactory trade in this line, and furthermore, they put the *gez* tree to another use, making tooth brushes thereof, something resembling the orris-root tooth-brushes one sees in Turkey. A small branch, about six inches long, is frayed at one end, and this is used to scrub with; it is reckoned particularly beneficial and is supposed to produce that ivory whiteness for which Persian teeth are so justly celebrated.

Early next morning, we were on our way again to Khoonsar, the chief town of this manna district, in the bazaars of which quantities of this strange food may be bought, either in the raw or turned into little round cakes of stickjaw sweetmeat. The mountains in this district are very grand; one long series of snow-capped peaks rejoicing in the name of the "Forty Daughters." Curious it is how the number forty has for ages been such a favourite one in these Eastern countries. The "Forty Pillars" is one of the finest remains now to be seen at old Persepolis; a palace at Ispahan is called, also, "Forty Pillars," though its exquisitely pretty loggia has nothing like that number of supports. This use of the number forty carries us back to our *Arabian Nights* and the "Forty Thieves," to St. Paul's

"Forty stripes save one," and further back still to the forty years passed by the children of Israel in the Wilderness. Evidently, in primitive days, forty was used to express a great number and a weary, long time. Persia in these modern days has preserved for us many interesting bonds of union with that primitive past. At all events, the "Forty Daughters," whoever they may have been, treated us with scant courtesy. From their snowy heights they blew down upon us gusts of icy wind, which nearly paralysed the hands with which we sought to guide our mules. The road which leads to Khoonsar is in parts 8,000ft. above the sea level, bleak and barren as the Desert of Sin ever was, except for the manna trees, which grew in abundance to the right and left of us. The cold reception given us by the "Forty Daughters" was as nothing to that of the inhabitants of Khoonsar. We had foolishly armed ourselves with no introduction in this place, and from door to door we wandered, to be driven away with scorn as infidel dogs. By dint of the promise of much gain, we induced a leading inhabitant to take compassion on us and take us in; but then he had a harem and a cross-grained wife, whom we had not taken into account. She screamed and stormed when she heard that infidels were to be lodged under her roof, and with ignominy we were compelled to face the elements again, and to seek shelter in a miserable cottage which we had previously passed by with scorn.

Mrs. Miriam Biago was our hostess, and she did her meagre best to make us comfortable. She was very handsome, with eyebrows which met over her nose; in her loose cloak and red undergarments, she looked exceedingly picturesque, as she sat and fanned the brushwood fire put into the pot in the floor. She made a horrible smoke, good woman, when she stirred the embers with a poker, but this soon escaped through the hole in the ceiling and the unglazed window, and when the lid was put on the glow of warmth was exquisite; we could hardly bear our feet upon it at first, and next morning we could still feel the warmth with our hands.

Khoonsar is more like Innsbruck than any place I ever saw; a large straggling town, built at the foot of snow-capped mountains. Rushing streams dash through its midst, and, despite the temporary

gust of cold, its gardens were radiant with blossom, and the poplars and willows, with their fresh green, relieved the monotony of the reddish brown houses—or ruins one ought to say, for what Persian town is not more than half ruined from that absurd idea that where the death of an owner has occurred it is unlucky for his successor to dwell? It has a quaint mosque and a sacred tomb of ancient red brickwork, plastered against the mountain side, and in its narrow radiant valley Khoonsar is one of the loveliest spots in Persia.

In the dark narrow bazaars are many fabricators of the manna cakes, and we learnt the recipe. The raw material from under the manna trees is beaten up with white of egg and sweetened with sugar; then formed into round cakes, with pistachio nuts and almonds inserted. These are baked before a slow fire, sprinkled with meal, and put into cases of scented wood, to give them a desired aroma; finally, when sufficiently seasoned, they are packed in boxes and dispersed throughout the land, to be consumed with avidity by the sweet-devouring ladies in the harems.

Our ride through the gardens of Khoonsar was very pleasant, for the sun shone brightly and drove from our bones the chilly influence of the "Forty Daughters." Amongst the verdure flitted many gaily-plumaged birds; amongst others, "King Solomon's Bird," as the Persians call the hoopoe. The peasants, who are particularly happy in animal legends, relate how one day all the birds came to King Solomon for gifts. To the hoopoe he gave a crown of gold on the head, but they were so slaughtered for their treasure that the miserable birds went to the wise king and begged that the tuft which they now have might be substituted in its stead. Nevertheless, poor things, their lot is even now an unhappy one, for women love to pluck one alive, and draw blood before it dies, with which to make a charm to retain their husbands' love, and there is no King Solomon to assist them now in this dire calamity.

The Persian peasants are exceedingly bold in their asseverations concerning the cause of eccentric shapes in animal life. The tortoise they call "the daughter," in conformity with this legend: An Arab girl once put a louse into the bread which her mother was making; the enraged woman exclaimed, on seeing it, "May you

become old and have a wrinkled neck," and lo! the cake turned into the round back, the platter became the flat belly, and the girl a tortoise between them. Thus, too, they account for the jackal's laugh: Once the jackals were inside the towns, and the dogs without; the animals determined on effecting an exchange, and every night the jackals come to laugh at the dogs in their captivity. Pretty stories like these remind one of what the state of society must have been in Æsop's days. For us artificial Europeans, in Persian village life we find that which transports us to centuries long gone by. We had an earthquake one night during our wanderings, and were delighted by the explanation our muleteer gave us of this unpleasant phenomenon. "A bullock," said he, "supports the world on its horns; first it holds the globe on one horn, and when tired transfers it to the other; and during the transference occur the tremors of the earth."

At a large village called Gulpaagoon, some twelve miles from Khoonsar, we again halted for the night, to consider how best we could get across country from the manna villages to join the main road to Teheran. This was decidedly the most difficult part of our journey; no one seemed to know the road or the distance, and at this place difficulties of obtaining lodgings again confronted us. This time I stood forth and publicly announced my firm intention of reporting our discomforts to Zil-es-Sultan, the "Shadow of the Sultan," the Governor of Ispahan, and eldest son of the Shah, if accommodation was not provided for us. The effect was wonderful; whispers were exchanged amongst the bystanders, and out from amongst them stepped, with a smiling face, a tailor, rejoicing in the name of "the Light of God." He had a neat little room which he placed at our disposal, and the magic name of the Zil had the effect of silencing any female discontent at our intrusion.

The Zil, by the way, is not as powerful as he once was; he is not now the recognised heir to the throne, having got into disgrace with his father. Two years ago he could do exactly as he pleased, and had the reputation of being excessively cruel if the villagers in his province displeased him. From one transgressor he cut off the hands, and had the sufferer led through the bazaars, with the amputated hands held out to passers-by as if supplicating for alms. The

Zil, in those days, made great fun of the mollahs, or priests ; one of these offended him, and he had him photographed amongst a lot of dancing girls, and threatened that if he misbehaved again he would circulate the picture amongst his parishioners. Another offending priest he caused to be shut up in his stable with all his horses loose, to the infinite terror of that reverend gentleman. But now the Zil is humbled, he has his palace filled with mollahs ; no more tricks are played upon them, and the "Shadow of the Sultan" conducts himself as a good Mussulman should.

The "Light of God" was in very truth a godsend to us ; he provided us with an excellent fire, for the night was chilly ; he kept us fairly secluded from the crowds who loved to stare at us, and in return for all his kindness we gave him as good a pair of English scissors as ever Persian tailor possessed.

From Gulpaagoon our way was exceedingly vague. We inquired the distance from ten to twenty individuals, most of whom gave us a different answer. Striking an average for ourselves, and consulting our compasses, we generally found our way, though possibly it was not the shortest. "What a laden mule can do in an hour" is the accepted definition of the Persian unit of calculation. They call them "farshakhs," which philologists connect with the parasang of antiquity ; but then there are "fat farshakhs" and "thin farshakhs," the fat ones being by far the most numerous. This unhappy uncertainty concerning distance is the same wherever this long measure is in vogue. The Greek "hora" is a terribly long hour, the German "stund" is as bad, and all contribute to the discomfiture of the weary traveller.

We had to pass through a favoured district of Persia called the *Mahallat*, where abundance of water is productive of extreme fertility ; various ridges of blood-red mountains lay between us and this happy valley. Our muleteers had never been on this road before, and now and again we felt as helpless as ever Columbus did on the trackless waters of the Atlantic.

Halting at a village by the way, called Robat Murad, we put up in the house of a retired soldier, who knew something of the world and its ways, and, despite the remonstrances of his wife, scorned not to take profitable infidels under his roof. Strolling leisurely that

afternoon outside this uninteresting spot, we noticed a little crowd assembled by a stream, and hurrying thither I saw a corpse being washed. Even in death the sexes are scrupulously divided, and there are two holes in the stream which runs by Robat Murad, one of which is set aside for washing female corpses, and the other for males; but, with the carelessness inherent in the Oriental, both these holes have been selected above the village, regardless of the fact that the stream is used lower down for all domestic purposes. Scarcely is the breath out of the body before the corpse is prepared for burial. Men wash men, and women wash women, but in the latter case the women, having prepared the body of their departed sister for burial, leave it at a certain spot for the men to bury, as in Persia a woman goes not to the tomb.

In the small villages there are no hired mourners as in the towns, but everybody assists in wailing. If the defunct is a big man, or a pilgrim who has been to Meshed, Kerbela, or Mecca, the wailings are on an increased scale, and the body is put into a coffin to await an opportunity for its removal to one of the sacred shrines. These coffins are not hermetically sealed, and the effluvium created by a cavalcade of them on the way to Kerbela is one of the minor horrors which a Persian traveller has to encounter.

I saw the men bury the dead body they had washed. I also saw the fine entertainment of "pilaw" and cakes on copper trays which they had provided for themselves by the grave, and the water-pipes with which they regaled themselves between the intervals of their lamentations. "Haleem" or sweetened wheat is thrown into the tomb for the dead to eat; and the shrouds left loosely open, so that Ali may more easily take the departed aloft; small crutches being put into the grave to assist the little soul in its resurrection. The shrouds are made after a strictly conventional pattern, and then, like swaddling clothes, they are bandaged round the body from the toes upwards, until the corpse looks like an old picture of Lazarus. The body is laid on its right side, with the face towards Meshed, and if the deceased is well-to-do, a seid or descendant of the Prophet rides on horseback to the grave before the bier, and the mourners sing the virtues of the departed. No coffins are used except for the transportation of corpses, to the great satisfaction of

the wolves and jackals, who frequently empty the unprotected cemeteries of their contents.

Mahallat, celebrated in Persian song for its green gardens and productive fields, was reached at last. Close behind Mahallat, in the mountains, rises a river, which fertilises the valley, and after pursuing its course for about fifty miles, loses itself in the salt desert of Koom. This river is far more deserving of a poet's attention than "Bendermere's stream" is at the present time, on the banks of which not a rose grows, nor a blade of grass, as far as we could see, whereas the river of Mahallat waters many a shady bower. But we only tarried one night, being anxious to proceed on what was still a journey of doubtful length. Another weary day over rugged mountains and barren desert brought us to a place called "Dowletabad" or "Government village," a square hamlet, fortified, if we can use such an expression, with mud walls; the enclosure is of considerable size, but within are to be found nothing but a few hovels with domed roofs, and a mass of ruins, for Dowletabad has been sorely oppressed by members of that Government whose name it bears, and its inhabitants have either died from want or fled from taxation and oppression.

The den allotted to us for the night, for it deserves no better name, was equal to anything in dirt and misery that we had come across in Persia; our beds were erected on a sort of raised platform strewn with vermin-infested carpets; in one corner was a hole where the family cocks and hens were inserted at nightfall, only to disturb our troubled slumbers by inordinately early crows; in another corner was the loom for weaving carpets, with a hole sunk in the ground for the weaver's legs. Our luggage, our mules, and our men slept outside our crazy door in the open air, and I imagine they had much the best of it.

Dowletabad is a good instance of the ruin brought on Persian village communities by Government exactions. It is the personal property of one Aga Khan, who is now in exile in India, and from it and his wretched rayats therein this man has exacted the uttermost farthing, so that those who are left scarce know how to live. I should think there are not a hundred souls left in the place, which in its best days must have contained over a thousand; there seemed

scarcely enough individuals to contend with the goats and milk them when in the evening the herds drove them in. As for the land around, which once had been cultivated, and could be still, for water is abundant, it is rapidly returning to its pristine condition of desert. Everything in Persia depends on whether a village is brought into direct intercourse with the Government or not. In the more retired valleys, where grasping Khans do not penetrate, fertility and contentment reign, but if the Shah or the governor of a province cannot pay inferior officers they give them a village or villages to do their worst with, and woe to the village thus given—nobody therein can call anything his own.

Latterly, foreign ambassadors have taken the question of insecurity of property in Persia under their notice. Sir H. Drummond Wolff has extorted from the Shah and his Ministers promises to respect the property of the subject. The promise has been kept, I believe, for some months now, but a modern Persian promise is not like that law of the ancient owners of this soil, which altered not, and the Shah will always have the trump card to play as long as Russia and England hover round him like vultures, ready to seize on his decaying carcase. If the English ambassador insists on his being too just, he can frown on him and smile on the Russian, and *vice versâ;* for there are only two ambassadors in Persia worthy of the name; the representatives of other nations are merely ornamental.

England and Russia have their separate villages allotted to them by the Shah, where the representatives of these countries can retire during the summer heats. They are on the slopes of the mountains behind Teheran. Gulahec is the name of the English village, and it is governed entirely by English law; when the French Minister wishes to go there he has to obtain permission from the English. What a contrast there is between Gulahec, the Shah's present to England, and Dowletabad, the Shah's present to Aga Khan! At Gulahec everything is prosperous, it is the model village of Persia; but I don't think a more miserable specimen of Persian village life could be found than that which we saw at Dowletabad, our last halting place before returning to the beaten track.

J. THEODORE BENT.

TRAINING: ITS BEARING ON HEALTH.

No. II.

THE moral discipline involved in a proper system of training must not be lost sight of. It is no exaggeration to say that obedience to lawful authority, self-restraint, self-sacrifice, tenacity of purpose, and loyal co-operation with others towards a common end—in short, most of the virtues which make a good man and a public-spirited citizen—are fostered by training.

An excellent form of training is found in military drill, which, unlike the mere preparation for athletic feats, aims at bringing the body into a permanent state of physical efficiency. Dr. Parkes speaks with enthusiasm of "the results of drills and gymnasia on weedy recruits of seventeen or eighteen years of age." "I have known," he says,* "a young man grow four inches between seventeen and twenty-two and develop into a splendid man, which would never have been the case had he not enlisted." All competent authorities agree that if the drill-sergeant has fair material to work upon, and if his zeal is occasionally tempered by the discretion of the medical officer, the increase in height, weight, and chest-girth is very marked in young recruits, especially during the first few months after enlistment. The guiding principle in the military training of recruits is the same as in purely athletic training, and is expressed in the familiar proverb which tells us that Rome was not built in a day. Everything must be done by degrees, and failure is certain to follow the attempt to hurry the slow but steady processes of nature. The recruit must be trained well within his powers of endurance at first, and the work

* *On the Personal Care of Health*, *p.* 13.

should be very gradually increased, so that the heart and lungs may have time to adapt themselves to meet the increased strain to which they are subjected.

From time to time cries of alarm are raised as to the supposed physical decadence of Englishmen. The agricultural districts are being depleted by a constant stream of migration to the large centres of population, and the effects of town life are already clearly legible in the stunted frames of the adolescents of the labouring and lower middle classes, and they are certain to show themselves more and more in succeeding generations. To put the case somewhat roughly, muscle is dying out and nerves are taking its place. What is the remedy for this decline and fall of English manhood which must inevitably in time thrust our country from its pride of place among the nations? How are the undergrown young artisans and the pale narrow-chested clerks to be rescued from the physical degeneration which is threatening not only them but their offspring? I answer, by the saving ministry of the drill-sergeant. Of course I am fully aware that the very name of compulsory military service is hateful to free-born Britons, but have we not a very fair equivalent ready to our hands? If proper encouragement were given to the Volunteer system, and if our citizen soldiers, instead of being alternately snubbed and even more offensively patronised by the military authorities, were helped and stimulated in every way to make themselves efficient we should hear less of the decay of our national thews and sinews. A proper system of drill and such an amount of voluntary military service as need not interfere with other avocations would, I am convinced, be the means of regenerating, morally as well as physically, a large proportion of the "submerged tenth" and the scarcely less miserable social strata just above it. Of the results, both to body and character, of military training there cannot be a better proof than the far-reaching effects which have already been produced by the Volunteer movement; and in the fullest possible extension of that movement lies our best hope of continuing to justify the words of Goldsmith:—

> "Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
> I see the lords of humankind pass by."

Having laid so much stress in previous articles on the advantages of exercise and training, it behoves me now to utter a few words of warning as to the dangers of wrong methods of physical education, and even of right methods injudiciously applied. In connection with this subject it will also be convenient to discuss the evils of immoderate indulgence in athletic exercises. A few years ago there was a great outcry as to the injurious effects which "athleticism" was alleged to have, not only on the body, but on the mind and character of its devotees. The late Mr. Skey, a surgeon of repute in his day, made parents and guardians feel very uncomfortable by his denunciations of athletic contests generally, and of the University Boat Race in particular; and Mr. Wilkie Collins bettered the instruction by depicting (in *Man and Wife*) the typical athlete as a brutal ruffian with the thews, and also the tastes, intellect, and language, of a coalheaver. That there was a certain basis of truth in Mr. Skey's statements no one competent to judge of such matters will deny, but as usual the sensational writers spoilt the case by absurd exaggerations which brought the perfectly sound doctrine they were meant to enforce into contempt. The attacks of calmer and better informed critics, however, gradually led to a radical reform in the whole theory and practice of athletics. Many of the evils formerly attributed to such exercises were seen to be really due to wrong methods of training; at the present day, as has already been said, the most successful trainers are much more ready to listen to the advice of medical men than was the case some years ago, and consequently the evil effects of athleticism are less apparent than they used to be.

Any system of bodily discipline is likely to be hurtful: first, if it is begun at too early an age; secondly, if it is too severe or too prolonged; thirdly, if, owing to special circumstances, it is unsuitable to the person subjected to it. Under these three heads all the evils which may be caused by training are comprised, but it must of course be borne in mind that there are innumerable individual peculiarities of constitution and conformation which have to be taken into account. It can hardly be wondered at, therefore, that, even with the light of medical science to guide them, the most experienced trainers occasionally make mistakes.

Nothing like systematic training should ever be attempted before the growth of the body is nearly complete, except in the case of acrobats, where sacrifices must be made and risks run. During adolescence, while the limbs and organs are in process of active development, the whole available stock of vital energy is required to meet the immediate wants of the growing organism. There is a fundamental difference between adolescents and adults in this, that though the former may be actually the stronger men as far as muscle is concerned, they have much less staying power than the latter. Growing lads, in fact, have no assets to avert physiological bankruptcy when there is any extraordinary call on their physical resources, while fully developed men in good health have always a considerable balance in their favour. The difference is well illustrated by the way in which seasoned soldiers bear the fatigues and privations of a campaign as compared with young recruits. The "gaunt men of thirty," to use the words of Sir Henry Havelock, win battles by sheer power of marching where weedy youngsters would fall fainting by the wayside. It is obvious that athletic training, which, especially at the outset, is a reducing process, cannot safely be undergone by bodies in a transition stage which of itself makes the heaviest demands on the vital powers.

If training is begun at too early an age the development of the body, so far from being promoted, is too likely to be prematurely arrested thereby. Growing lads who have to do work beyond their strength often become stunted in stature, and it has been observed in French *lycées* that boys have stopped growing at as early an age as twelve in consequence of excessive practice in the gymnasium. Not only is the growth interfered with, but deformity and even disease frequently result from premature over-use of the muscles. During adolescence the bones are soft and spongy; they are to a considerable extent composed of gristle rather than solid osseous material, and the different parts of which they consist are imperfectly welded together. They may not inaptly be compared to a wall in course of building where the mortar is not yet dry. Moreover, young bones have a relatively large amount of blood in them: they are in fact in a state of congestion which makes them prone to inflammation from comparatively slight causes, as a building con-

taining a large quantity of combustible material is liable to be set on fire by a trifling accident. This physiological congestion of the bones is particularly marked in the neighbourhood of joints, and it is accordingly in these parts that mischief is most likely to arise. Given the conditions which I have described, it is easy to understand how curvature of the spine, bruising of delicate tissues, bleeding into the interior of joints, inflammation, abscess, and even partial disintegration of bones, with many other evils, often follow muscular efforts too severe for the imperfectly consolidated framework of a growing body.

In addition to what has been said about the damage to bones and ligaments, it must be borne in mind that in adolescents the vital organs, such as the heart and the lungs, are also in course of active growth, and often find it difficult to keep pace with the increasing demands made on them by the rapidly developing organism. If under these circumstances a lad is taken and put through a severe course of training, can it be wondered at if the overtaxed heart should become unable to meet its liabilities, or the lungs should give way under the strain (as by rupture of a blood vessel or overstretching, with consequent loss of elasticity of their air cells)?

From what has been stated it will, I think, be clear that too early training of growing lads is something worse than a physiological crime; it is a stupid and shortsighted mistake, which in ninety-nine per cent. of the cases in which it is attempted defeats its own purpose, and, even in the few instances in which the immediate object in view is attained, often leaves a legacy of mischief the effects of which make themselves felt later on.

When, then, it will be asked, is it safe to begin training? The answer is, when growth is so far complete as to make the body able to bear the extra strain put on its resources by the increased work it has to do under training. Before the eighteenth year, the shafts of the limb bones are not fully ossified, and it is not till a somewhat later period that the upper and lower portions of these bones, which develop separately, become firmly soldered to the shaft. Even after that growth still goes on, and the bony framework of the body is not fully consolidated till between the twenty-fifth and

thirtieth years. The heart, lungs, and other organs do not attain their full development till about the same period, the greatest progressive growth taking place between the eighteenth and twenty-fifth years. From these data it may be concluded that no severe course of athletic training should ever be undergone before the age of eighteen at least, and no prolonged effort requiring endurance as well as muscular strength, such as rowing in the University Boat Race, or the long marches and other fatigues of a campaign, should be undertaken before twenty. Even at that age rapid training for an athletic contest of any severity should not be undergone without a warranty of soundness having first been obtained from a medical man.

The mention of campaigning in connection with the subject under consideration naturally suggests certain reflections as to the present condition of our army. Speaking, as I do, merely as a doctor, I do not expect the military authorities to listen to me—they have disregarded the advice of far more competent counsellors—and I touch on the subject here only because I think it a public duty to do so. Perhaps by constant "pegging away," to use General Grant's historic phrase, some impression may in time be made on the official mind, which has shown itself even more than usually unreceptive in this matter.

At present, as all medical men who are acquainted with the condition of the army are agreed, a very large majority of recruits are too young to make really useful soldiers. There is no higher authority on all that concerns the physique of the soldier than Sir W. Aitken, the distinguished Professor of Pathology in the Army Medical School at Netley, and he assures us that the British Army is at present made up to a great extent of "boy-soldiers," a very large proportion of whom "have not, at the time of their enlistment, reached their maturity of growth nor complete development as regards the bones, the muscles, and the internal solid organs of their bodies, especially the heart, lungs, liver, and kidneys." It is demonstrable that this physical immaturity most seriously affects the efficiency of these lads as soldiers, both as regards staying power, and as regards predispositions beyond the average of civilians of the same age to certain diseases. I can only echo the

words of the late Dr. Parkes, who may almost be called the father of military hygiene, when he says: "There is no doubt that to send young lads of eighteen to twenty into the field is not only a lamentable waste of material but is positive cruelty. At that age such soldiers, as Napoleon said, merely strew the roadsides and fill the hospitals. The most effective armies have been those in which the youngest soldiers have been twenty-two years of age." Fortunately we have had nothing but "little wars" on our hands for many years, or the truth of these remarks would no doubt have received some mournful illustrations.

Even in our conflict with savages, however, the *personnel* of our army has not always in these latter days shown to great advantage. I am afraid poor old Cetewayo's warriors or the fanatical spearmen of the Soudan would have made short work of the weedy boys—how different from the "bold yeomen whose limbs were made in England" who in old days did battle for their country's honour!—whom we sent out against them, if they had fought on anything like equal terms. I am not decrying the poor lads, who did their best, and at any rate knew how to die as heroically as the most seasoned veterans. They had plenty of pluck; it was not their fault that they were deficient in stamina. It is devoutly to be hoped, however, that our altars and hearths may have stronger arms than these to defend them if we are ever again engaged in a great European war.

For the boyishness of our army I believe that Lord Wolseley is largely responsible. "Our Only General" has always shown himself somewhat intolerant and even contemptuous of medical advice and of those whose business it is to offer it, though probably no one knows better than he does that it is to the doctors that he is indebted for most of his victories. He has indeed found his laurels in the medicine chest rather than on the tented field. Lord Wolseley says: "Give me young men; they do what they are bid, and they go where they are told." Therein he differs from Napoleon, who said after the disastrous battle of Leipzig: "I must have grown men." I daresay it is true enough that "boy-soldiers" will go where they are told when their legs are strong enough to carry them there, but there is not a shadow of doubt that but for

medical skill and medical equipments, such as have never been available on the battlefields at any previous period of the world's history, Lord Wolseley's beardless warriors would have perished like flies in the deserts of the Soudan.

The foregoing remarks refer in the main to active service, but every word that has been said about the evils of athletic training at too early an age applies also to military drill, which is indeed a particularly elaborate and prolonged system of training. It is desirable, therefore, either that recruits should not be taken under twenty years of age, or if taken earlier they should not be subjected to the ordinary system of drill in all its severity till their frames are sufficiently well knit. The Duke of Cambridge, I believe, has several times said that it is impracticable to get recruits to enlist at twenty or twenty-one. If that is the case let them be taken at eighteen or thereabouts, and let them pass through a period of probation for two years, till it can be seen whether they are likely to make efficient soldiers. During that time let their strength be developed by judicious training, the exercises being carefully graduated according to their power of endurance, and the whole process being carried out under medical supervision. I entirely agree with Dr. Parkes, whose opinion was expressed in the following words: "If the State will recognise the immaturity of the recruit of eighteen years of age, and will proportion his training and his work to his growth, and will abstain from considering him fit for the heavy duties of peace and for the emergencies of war till he is at least twenty years of age, then it would seem that there is not only no loss but a great gain by enlisting men early."* The amount and quality of training, in short, must be strictly adapted to the bodily development of the recruit, and, above all, the process must be a *gradual* one; any attempt to hurry the work of nature can only end in failure or disaster.

MORELL MACKENZIE.

(To be continued.)

* *Hygiene.* Sixth Ed., p. 529.

A YEAR OF MY LIFE.

WHEN Lord Carington was Governor of New South Wales he frequently made use of the following story in his speeches, in order to show how much worthless information is carried back to England by people who think a few weeks, or months, sufficient time in which to study the Colonies.

"Australia," wrote a man, "abounds with Kangaroos and Boomerangs."

I wish to bear this anecdote in mind while writing my short sketch of the past year; for although I have visited many countries and peoples, I have not seen much of them. At the same time I must confess to what the past year has taught me; for I believe that many members of the English Labour Party would think as I do at present had they spent twelve months on the continent of Europe, in America, the Australian Colonies, and New Zealand. I will ask my readers to pardon the personal tone of the sketch, because in no other way can I bring it into compass.

It is a year since I said to myself, "I must see and know more before I can do any further work as a member of the English Labour Party." The Dock Strike had made an epoch; for with it the unskilled worker had taken his place amongst men, had become a "divine animal." It is well for the old and the new Trades Unionists to forget the chasm that lay between the skilled and the unskilled workers in England before the Dock Strike; for harmony is increased by such forgetfulness. But people who are not Trades Unionists remember very well that two years ago the skilled workers looked down upon the unskilled workers, and that the unskilled workers had then no friends in England except the Socialists.

"My father's a tradesman," boasted the little School Board snob to the labourer's son; in other words, "My father's a member of the English Labour Aristocracy." The Dock Strike bridged the chasm between the skilled and unskilled workers; and the leaders of the latter were the first to stretch out a hand to the old Trades Unionists. "We work for all, instead of for some," said these leaders. "We are young and aggressive, but we wish you well." The old Trades Unionists accepted the proffered hand, and said, "You shall see that we—the aristocracy of labour—are not prejudiced or narrow-minded."

The real fundamental difference between the two parties lies in the fact that the old Trades Unionists dread State interference, while the new Trades Unionists look upon the State as their servant. The latter are the pupils of the Socialists. There is no doubt that the brief success of the Socialist Party in England was due to its advocacy of the cause of the unskilled worker just before he broke his shell and became a "divine animal." In history this will be written down, and those men who made the bravest and most unselfish efforts on behalf of the unskilled workers before the Dock Strike will not be forgotten, although their Socialistic dream may be called a mistake and foolish.

The chief matter for regret at the present time is that the energy spent in declamation, personal vilification, and the advocacy of wholesale methods of salvation cannot be directed into useful channels. Alas! the people who did such good work a few years ago now stand still, with their eyes fixed on a far-off Millennium for which we all hope and pray, but which is very distant. Instead of working they kick up dust to blind themselves, and stifle their companions. They cannot realise the infinitesimal part which Socialism played in the evolution of the unskilled workers; if they could understand this, humility would lay the dust, and they would learn patience. Improved educational opportunities and the lowering of the Franchise helped most of all in the evolution of the masses who now call themselves "New Trades Unionists" and "Members of the Labour Party." Bitter cries from people who felt the position of the unskilled workers a disgrace to England, angry threats from Socialists,

the patient work of certain modern economists, and the quiet but effective labours of "Trades Union" ladies amongst working women, all helped to bring about the crisis, but these things only helped because they worked with, and not against, the great natural laws which we must all obey, although most of us obey blindly.

Now, my principal interest is with a class below the unskilled labourers: I mean the scum of our population that haunts the slums of our great cities. The skilled and unskilled workers have always had my best wishes that they may enjoy more of this world's good things, and become nobler men and women. "What can be done for the slummers?" I asked myself after May Day, 1890. Their cause appeared to be put back by the Dock Strike, for everyone's attention seemed to be absorbed by the New Trades Unionists.

I had fixed my hopes on a Labour Party in Parliament, composed of men representing the unskilled workers and the slummers; but the Dock Strike had taught me that it is almost useless and sometimes dangerous to represent people whose demands have not been made clear by themselves. The idea that if Parliament is laid hold of by the workers, capitalists can be rendered impotent, and the workers can enter the land of promise, has always seemed to me but the ranting of middle-class people whose limited experience and influence make them harmless. Put before the slummer (who has not gone beyond the mere desire for animal gratification) the means of physical and intellectual refinement, and he will only use such things for purposes of demoralisation. The Dock Strike showed me clearly that a large section of the unskilled labourers can now be represented in Parliament; but that no Labour Party can supply improved conditions for the slummers until the slummers rise in the social scale and make their demands effective.

So I determined to study the Labour question upon the Continent. The German Emperor had just issued his Labour Manifesto, and I thought that I would see what was likely to come of it. The Kaiser was most gracious. I learnt his intentions, and these were very simple, namely, to remove every reasonable ground of complaint from the workers, but to shoot them down if they attempted insurrection. Prince Bismarck had feared the Socialists; the young German Emperor fears no one. So he had cut the

ground from beneath the feet of the Socialists, and had left their leaders with nothing to do but to quarrel who should, and who should not, lead a party of middle-class discontents.

The workers of Europe are obliged to use Socialists and Anarchists as mouthpieces; but this does not mean that they advocate Socialism and Anarchism. If they were allowed freedom of organisation we should not hear so much of Socialist parties and Anarchist plots on the Continent. It is only by going amongst the workers of Europe that one can learn the real strength of Socialism and Anarchism, for the organs of these parties are very misleading. I was amused to read in a German Socialist paper that the Dock Strike had been the outcome of Marxist agitation in England. This information had been given by some Socialists in London, and it was firmly believed by the Socialists who read it on the Continent.

I visited the Felshammer district, where the great strikes had taken place before the Emperor called the Labour Conference in Berlin, and I found that the proposed legislation would satisfy the miners, but that if the new laws were not passed the people would rebel. "Why?" I asked myself. Because the workers in Germany had reached that stage in their evolution when less work and more money had become absolutely necessary for their mental and moral development. They demanded a ten hours day, protection of machinery, and legislation lessening the hours of labour for women and children all over the Fatherland.

I did not find any aristocracy of labour in Germany, but a low average of wages all round, much Sunday work, and twelve, fourteen, and sixteen hours daily labour for men both in town and country. A very large number of the workers were out of employment, although Germany has no huge industries like those in our islands. There was more outward comfort, more thrift, and cleanliness than in England; but also real poverty—such poverty as eats into the very hearts of men and women. I looked in vain for slums in German cities. Such places would not be allowed in a country where everyone is under military discipline, from the Emperor's little son to the milkwoman. The Berlin police have the name and address of every man and woman in the city, so they know what

everyone is doing. Of course this would be a difficult system to carry out in a wilderness like London, moreover, Englishmen would not submit to such interference; but it works well in German cities, and prevents wholesale hunger and wretchedness. While I was in Berlin a man was found dead from starvation in the Thiergarten, and the fact sent a shudder through the whole country. What were the police about? the papers demanded.

I would like to take this opportunity of impressing upon the members of the Labour Commission that if they wish wise legislation to follow upon their inquiries, it is important that they should send responsible people to study labour questions on the Continent. We have much to learn from Germany, and still more from Austria, with regard to the treatment of paupers, loafers, and out-of-works. These people have not been ignored on the Continent, as has been the case with us; and we, the *laisser-faire* nation, should not be above learning from our neighbours. We need not copy them in everything; the character of each nation has to be taken into consideration; but we should confess our stupidity and ignorance, for we let our people starve, and then say that we cannot help it.

Every student of social subjects should visit Vienna. There the Arbeitscheuer, or loafer, meets with very severe treatment; but the old citizens have beautiful homes of rest where they can enjoy themselves, without restraint, and with independence.

The way we punish ancient paupers for the sin of poverty is simply barbarous. The saddest sight I ever witnessed was an old man making coffins for paupers in a London workhouse.

"I've been making coffins fifteen years," he told me, "and I wish I was making one for myself."

In Vienna every old man or woman, over the age of seventy, or younger if in feeble health, can obtain admittance to a Versorgungs Haus. Men and women are lodged in different wings of the building, but the married people meet in the corridors and gardens whenever they like, husbands and wives go out together every afternoon, and spend one whole day out together each week. All day long friends and relations come and go, bringing food and clothes, and sometimes money with them. The institution provides a uniform, but the inmates can wear their own clothes if they like.

Meals are served in a refectory, and it is delightful to see the old men and women enjoying their dinners, which they bring themselves from the kitchen. Every five days each inmate receives 1 gulden 30 kreutzers (about 6d. per day), which is supposed to cover all the expenses of the institution ; the money gives the inmates a feeling of independence, and when friends and relations furnish a little assistance, the lives of the old men and women in the Versorgungs Haus are very comfortable and pleasant. The old women sit in the corridors with their knitting, the old men smoke in the beautiful gardens, while grandchildren play about, and babies supply "family music."

In the asiles, or casual wards, men and women receive supper, bed, bath, and breakfast, and are sent off at daybreak to look for work. If not successful they come back in the evening. The idea of making casuals work in return for food, bath, and lodging would seem to the authorities very ridiculous, because all loafers and beggars are sent to the Zwangarbeit Haus. There is no disgrace attached to the asile or the workhouse in Vienna. In the latter place light work is done by men and women ; but Sundays and holidays they do no work, and once a week they spend the whole day looking for employment. The food is good in the workhouse, the rooms are comfortable, and there is no prison discipline. If a man proves to be idle he is sent to the Zwangarbeit Haus; but if he is industrious the workhouse authorities try to help him, and recognise the fact that it is not a crime to be out of work.

At least 30,000 men will be out of work in the East End of London this winter, and all over England people will want employment. The State recognises the fact that citizens who are destitute of food and shelter must be provided for in the workhouse ; but many men would rather die than accept workhouse assistance, and the State does not as yet believe in the right to work, although the condition of the labour market is so artificial that large numbers of men must be constantly out of employment.

When the Labour Commission meets again it will turn its attention to municipally controlled workshops. "A municipal workshop which shall solve the difficulty, should, if possible, develop some new industry, and supply a new want," says one Com-

missioner. "No, it must only supply the wants of the people it employs, and not compete with the outside public," says another.

All agree that the out-of-work question presses for a solution. Mr. Tom Mann, who has been commissioned by Lord Hartington to get up the subject of Municipal Workshops, and present it to his colleagues on the Labour Commission, would be greatly helped if he knew how these things are done on the Continent, where loafers and honest men are not mixed together as with us, and Labour Colonies have been established.

My inquiries on the Labour question were brought to an abrupt conclusion in Vienna by an illness that nearly ended my life. I returned to England just when "General" Booth's book was published. *Darkest England* was read by all classes, from the Queen to the washerwoman, and it was patent to us that we had reached a point in our civilisation when it is recognised as a disgrace to have hundreds of thousands of English people starving in dens, leading lives worse than savages. The filth and moral degradation of the English slums fill one with despair. Ink turns to blood when one writes about them, tears make words fall like lead from one's pen, and despair stretches its gaunt hand over the paper when one sits down to describe the slums of England.

I was once present at a slum christening. It was in a public-house, where I had gone with a Salvation Army Captain to see how the slummers spend their evenings. The mother held the child over the bar, she dipped her fingers in beer, and she marked the child's forehead with the cross, "in the Name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." Is it not a happier fate to be born in an island in the Pacific than in a slum? Who would not rather be a savage than a slum Christian?

I could see that General Booth's book would do good, but that it could not clear the slums out of England. "What can be done for the slummer?" I asked myself. "The Pope's manifesto is written in milk, but it is suited to the demands of the workers on the Continent," I said. "The German Emperor's legislation will satisfy his subjects. But hundreds of thousands of English men, women, and children are starving."

In March I left England to go round the world because of my

health, and it was some weeks before I could think of anything else. But by the time I reached New Zealand, the sea and the stars had taught me lessons which all those who have the Labour cause at heart should learn and practise. I cannot teach these things. Men must go to the sea and learn from Nature. She will sing to them "songs of the universe" that will stop them from fretting and fuming because their own lives seem to be so useless. "What is your sacrifice?" she will ask, pointing to the Southern Cross. "Who are you?" she will demand, when the ship lies deep down in the billows of the ocean.

Then at last she will whisper "Hope," "Patience."

They will wonder where the words come from; and while wondering, will recall how they shook a puny fist at evolution because it is slow, how they cursed Progress because it is cautious.

The Labour demand is the same in New Zealand as in Europe Wages are high, and hours of labour are short, yet workers ask for more money and less work. The slums are on a small scale in the New Zealand towns, and the colonial slummer is, if possible, a lower animal than his brother in England. The great cry of the working men in New Zealand is "One man, one vote," and Sir George Grey, who advocates this principle, is worshipped by the workers. They forget his threat that grass shall grow again in the streets of the very city that now sends him to Parliament! The country is in debt; for too much money has been spent on railways and roads. No doubt it will have another boom before long, but just now there is a deadness about the place, a sort of lifelessness that depresses visitors. Large fortunes are not made there at present; and the most promising young colonists are leaving for Australia. The men and women born in New Zealand do not care for the Old Country; it is only the old colonists who speak of England as "Home." England counts for nothing with the young people.

I arrived in Australia about the time of the Sydney Election, and found the working men full of what was going to be done by their Labour members in Parliament. Mr. H. H. Champion had been gone some months, and they were recovering from the bitterness of the failure he had prophesied at the time of the strikes. But they were hoping for too much from Parliament. Doubtless, before

long, they will cease to pin their faith to wholesale legislation; but now they are inclined to scoff at sectional work—they wish to be universal providers to the labouring public. They have not grasped the truth that humanity is composed of sections; and that only those sections who have made a demand can be represented in Parliament. They ignore the fact that it is of greater importance to be at work increasing the effective economic capacity to consume, than it is to supply the relatively small demands of a few sections.

However, they ought to be gently handled at present, for they are very sore after their defeat, and very bitter against the capitalists. They need someone to point out that the only way to improve the condition of the workers all over the Colonies is by the development of qualities that will not allow the possessors to be content with animal gratifications and sensual amusements. At present more money means more beer with the greater number of the workers; only a small percentage know how to use high wages for the purpose of mental and moral development.

"Less work, more wages," is the demand in Australia, as in New Zealand. These things the workers will get, but not without a struggle with the capitalists. The slums of the Australian cities are very bad, and the presence of Celestials makes them worse in many respects than the slums in England. Now that John Chinaman has to pay a heavy poll tax he will, perhaps, stay in his own country. The lesson I learnt in the Colonies is briefly this: "People make their surroundings like themselves, and carry their faults with them into new countries."

No doubt Australia *is* the Workman's Paradise. There is plenty of work there for men, and still more for women. But the work is hard, and the hot climate makes all labour unpleasant in many parts of the Colonies. No one has any idea what a curse drink is who has not seen it in colonial cities. Why do the workers drink so much? Because they have high wages, and the greater number of them have not evolved far enough to enjoy other than animal gratifications and sensual amusements. John Bull is strong, and he rules the ocean, he has more grit than other nations, his character is magnificent. It is necessary to travel round the globe to under-